

OUR ETERNAL LEGACY

the story of

William, Esther, and Mary Barton



An Eternal Legacy

the story of

William, Esther, and Mary Barton



Esther West
Barton



William
Barton



Mary
Williamson
Barton



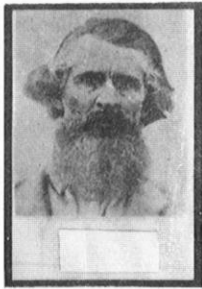
Sarah Esther
Barton Rollins,
author and
researcher



Sherman
Stewart
Barton,
researcher



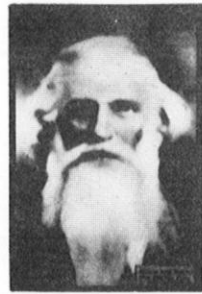
Kerril Sue
Rollins,
editor and
typist



John Barton



Sally Penn
Barton



William Barton



Esther West
Barton



Samuel Walker
West



Margaret Cooper
West



Joseph Alma
Barton



Esther Jane
Barton Stokes



Back, L. to R. Esther Jane, John Hunter, Stephen Rollins,
Sarah Estella. Front. Phillip Jackson, William, Esther,
Hugh Jones, Joseph Alma, Daniel King.



Stephen Rollins
Barton



Phillip Jackson
Barton



Daniel King
Barton



John Hunter
Barton



Sarah Estella
Barton Griffiths



Hugh Jones
Barton



John Barton



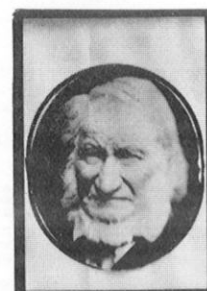
Sally Penn
Barton



William Barton



Mary Williamson
Barton



James Williamson



Ann Allred
Williamson



Amanda Barton
Horsley



Mary Ann Barton
Miller



Julia K. Barton
Griffiths



Back, L. to R. Mary Ann, Amanda. Front, William, Mary,
Amy, Sophronia, Julia. Mary holding Hampton on lap.



Sophronia
Barton



Amy Barton
Prothero



Hampton Barton

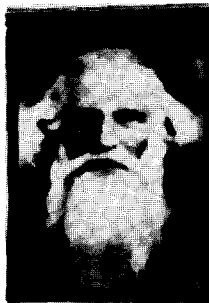
An Eternal Legacy

the story of

William, Esther, and Mary Barton



Esther West
Barton



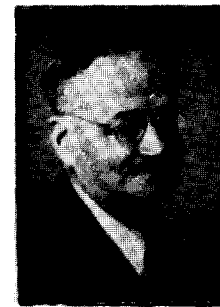
William
Barton



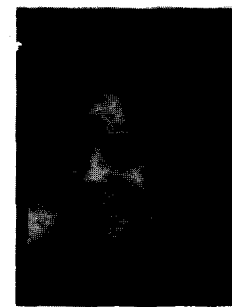
Mary
Williamson
Barton



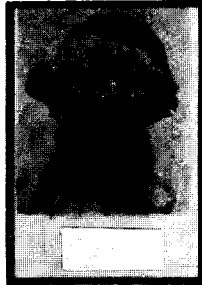
Sarah Esther
Barton Rollins,
author and
researcher



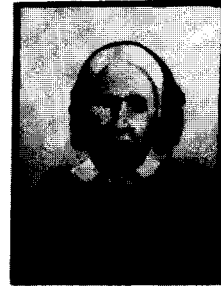
Sherman
Stewart
Barton,
researcher



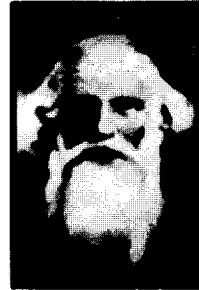
Kerril Sue
Rollins,
editor and
typist



John Barton



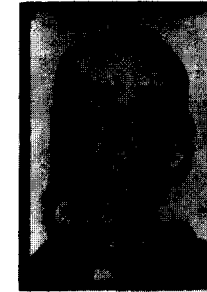
Sally Penn
Barton



William Barton



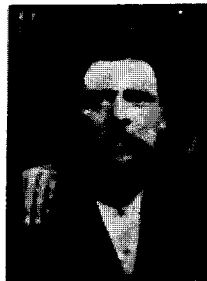
Esther West
Barton



Samuel Walker
West



Margaret Cooper
West



Joseph Alma
Barton



Esther Jane
Barton Stokes



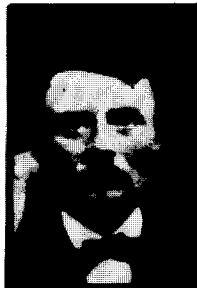
Back, L. to R. Esther Jane, John Hunter, Stephen Rollins,
Sarah Estella. Front. Phillip Jackson, William, Esther,
Hugh Jones, Joseph Alma, Daniel King.



Stephen Rollins
Barton



Phillip Jackson
Barton



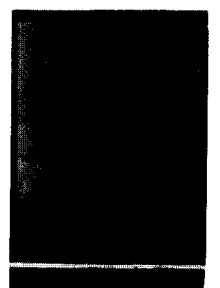
Daniel King
Barton



John Hunter
Barton



Sarah Estella
Barton Griffiths



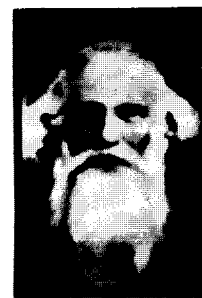
Hugh Jones
Barton



John Barton



Sally Penn
Barton



William Barton



Mary Williamson
Barton



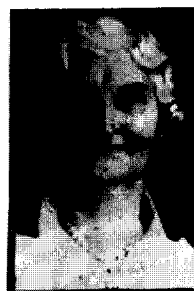
James Williamson



Ann Allred
Williamson



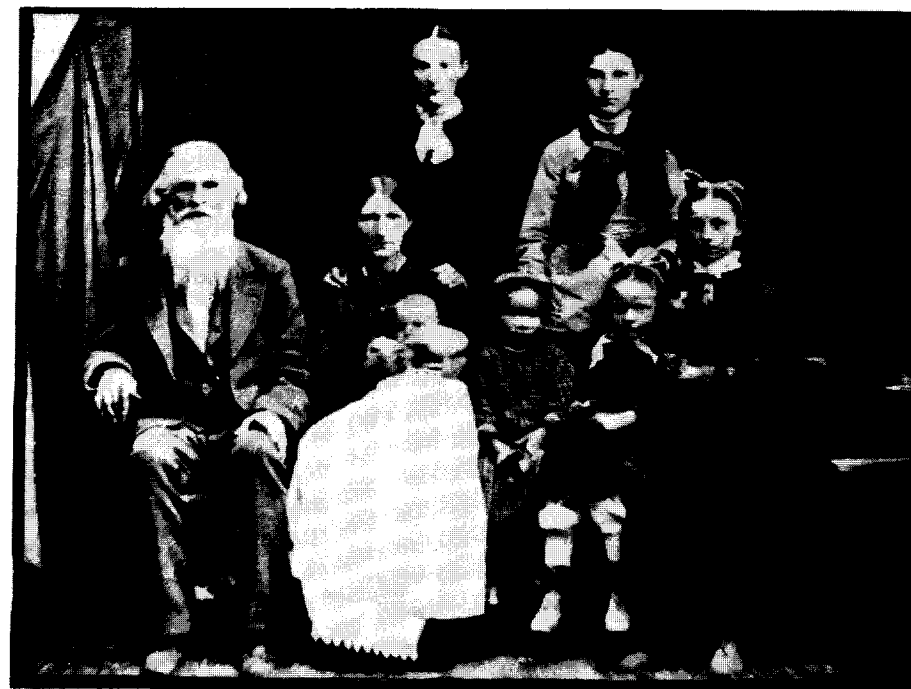
Mary Ann Barton
Miller



Amanda Barton
Horsley



Julia K. Barton
Griffiths



Back, L. to R. Mary Ann, Amanda. Front, William, Mary,
Amy, Sophronia, Julia. Mary holding Hampton on lap.



Sophronia
Barton



Amy Barton
Prothero



Hampton Barton

Jackson, the 10th 1844

Dear Son I take this opportunity of addressing
I send lines to you not knowing whether you
will receive it or not owing to the trouble in
that section but if you do the love is in your letter
health and hope they may find you and I am
all well my health is not good all the time I have had
to work very hard this season trying to raise a crop
of corn I have had to plow when the water in place
would be over my shoe mouth and my horse would
sink half way to his knee in mud and water
my corn crop will be but little I saw the river in town
this part of the country except in the marshy bottom
the crops are all destroyed and a great many lives lost
my wheat crop was badly injured with the frost so that
I will not have more than half a crop my wife is
I promised to write to you about the first of July
but owing to the ~~business~~ ^{business} ~~concerning~~ ^{concerning} ~~the~~ ^{the}
things in that part of the country I have put off
writing until now I have nothing very particular to
write only a great deal of uneasiness of mind since the
murder of Joseph and Hiram Smith the murder was
committed on Thursday and I saw a man on Sunday who said
that he saw the men that killed them is convinced that
he was one of the murders he said that he lived at Quincy
and was then on his way home but he went East he went
to twists and entered him self and trunk on the wheel
for some town East I do remember the name

Concerning the horse you can do as you like
if you would like to come by water you can
do so I can make out with what horses I have got
but if you think it safer to come by land these
hot times than by water you can bring the horse and
come by land I don't know that it will cost any
more by taking the horse by water I understand that the
still have to ferry from St Louis to the bluff

There has nothing of importance taken place since I wrote
but the marriage of Elizabeth Lonsford to William Jackson

We are all very anxious to hear from that part
When you receive this if you are not a coming
I immediately write a few lines or send me a paper
with all the particulars concerning that bloody murder
for the people here blame the governor with being
knowing that before it took place it had been
reported that the governor had given the brethren a set
line to leave the State he intends to drive them
So no more at present yours &c

John Barton
to William Barton
and Asa Barton and all the rest

January the 28th 1846
Dear Son I take this opportunity of addressin
A few lines to you to let you know that we
are all well at present and hope they will
find you all in good health we received yours
which gave great satisfaction to hear that you
got home safe and was well but your letter
brought a good deal of satisfaction so and so
it is good and David are allways mixed together
I wrote to Brother Aza concerning the land how I
wished him and you to do but it makes that he did not
get my letter I will therefore state it to you
I want you to make sail of timber and for
Aza to make the deeds this was my request to
him and what we fell behind with him for you
to pay him for you know that we have paid half
of the haul that is for what you and Aza bought
and for the part that he entered afterwards if
you have not made sail Aza that will make us
safe you may hold on for I think that I cannot
go to John Penn he has been down here and
says that if I will go by his house that he
will come up there with me and says that he
will trade for the land he advises me not to
sacrifice the land he thinks that he will do
it so if I meet with a good chance to come up
I shall come up by John Penns and he will come
with me and I have no doubt but he will price

We have it hear by documents and verbal
testimony that the abomable Spiritual wife
and Sealing Sisters are practiced and taught by the
heads of the Church it was stated to us by a man that
is a member that his sister told him that she did not
intend to seal her self to Brigham Young but she was
going to seal her self to Parley P. Pratt it is all stated
that the Spiritual wife system is taught to perfection
so much so that the have god mothers to teach these
daughters where to go and knock and what to say
when they knock the word is how is there then they say
Kath said intreat me not to leave the or to return from
following after the for where thou dwellest I will
dwell and where thou lodgest I will lodge thy people
shall be my people and thy god my god if it had
not been for what we learnt from you we would not
credit one syllable the book of covenants teaches
different from that and the book of mormon teaches
that any thing that leadeth to strife is of the
devil write as soon as you receive this write
to us and let us know when you will be at
we know more at present but remains yours
to William Barton
and J E Barton
John Barton
Sally Barton



William Barton Esq
New York
Hempstead Co.

Acknowledgments

To my beloved father. For the deep love that he displayed for his mother and his unwavering faith in our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ and our Prophet Joseph Smith, for his great inherent goodness and the deep love that we two shared for each other, I hereby dedicate this book. Without the time that he so patiently took to share with me the experiences of his parents and grandparents as they crossed the plains, as well as his own life experiences, I would not now be able--through these pages--to pass on to you part of a great legacy.

To my dear mother, I will be forever grateful for her far-sightedness in preserving our old Barton family letters, realizing that such valuable heirlooms should be preserved for use in the education of future generations.

I am most appreciative to my cousin Sherman Barton for having the desire and motivation to search out family records and put the results down in writing as he did, years ago, in the histories of our grandparents. Especially am I grateful that he did this work while his father and my father were still living, in order to get a more personal touch into the lives of our dear ones. Without his diligence and love for our family heritage, this history could not yet be written.

I also wish to acknowledge Grandma Mary Barton, Aunt Julia K. Griffiths, and my cousins Daphne Barton Smith, Pricilla McQueen, and John Penn Barton, and my friend Nora Lund for their records and histories that are most important to our family heritage. And I thank them for letting me use these in this history.

And now, last but not least, I wish to convey my deep appreciation and gratitude to my dear daughter Kerril Sue Rollins, who has stuck by me through these last days of editing and revising this manuscript. Without her professional help, the work that has gone into these pages would have been much more arduous and time-consuming. For the hours and hours of typing and helping me design the cover, title page, picture and letter pages, and other pages, and for her cheerfulness and dedication to our faithful pioneers and her enthusiasm for genealogy, I express deep gratitude.

Sarah Esther Barton Rollins
July 17, 1975

Contents

| | |
|--|--------------|
| Chapter 1: The Early Years..... | 1 |
| Chapter 2: The Middle Years..... | 13 |
| Chapter 3: The Last Years..... | 24 |
| Another Look at a Second Generation..... | 34 |
| Notes..... | 38 |
| Bibliography..... | 42 |
| Miscellaneous items..... | not numbered |

Copyrighted 1975 by

Sarah Esther Barton Rollins

Printed in the United States of America

All rights reserved

And he shall turn the heart
of the fathers to the children,
and the heart of the children
to their fathers. . . .

(Malachi 4:6)

AN ETERNAL LEGACY

the story of

William, Esther, and Mary Barton

Chapter 1: The Early Years

It was a beautiful late summer day--one of those lazy kind of days that happen only in Nauvoo in late July. The lawn was still lush and green in back of the Nauvoo House where a large crowd of Saints had gathered. Most everyone, that day, appeared to be carefree and making the most of a social gathering that was seldom held anymore because of the constant turmoil in that part of the country.¹

A game of horseshoes was taking place in the middle of the crowd,² and from among the members of the two participating teams, two men appeared to be masters of the game. They were nearly the same size and about the same build. One of them, a black-bearded man, had penetrating dark brown eyes. The other man had light hair, and his blue eyes held the gentle look of one who seemed to love everyone. He was Joseph Smith, Jr., the Saints' beloved prophet. Everyone in the crowd knew him as a man of great stature who was good and kind to all of the Saints. "How dear he is to us. How much we love him," everyone seemed to be thinking.

But who was that handsome, straight, tall man whose broad shoulders displayed such masculinity? He had been around Nauvoo for some time now.³ The game of horseshoes ended, and several exuberant young admirers of these two men suggested they have a wrestling match. Everyone around the country knew the Prophet's reputation as a wrestler. As yet, he had never met his match.⁴ It was obvious that the two men were the best of friends; and at the mention of a wrestling match, they were happy to put on an exhibition. And what an exhibition it was! Nip and tuck from the start, neither would give up. The muscles in their broad shoulders rippled and bulged against their shirt sleeves, and the strength in their legs and backs was amazing. When they finally did stop, sweat was running down their brows into their eyes, and their clothes were dripping wet.

"My, what a man! He comes closer to being a tie with our Prophet than anyone we've had around here for a long time," people in the

crowd were saying as Joseph Smith and his match, their arms around each others shoulders, walked to an open ditch. Here they doused their faces and arms in the cool, refreshing water. Clear and sparkling, it ran in little riverlets down the stranger's black wavy hair, onto his face, and into his long, black beard, forming glistening beads in the late afternoon sun.

A young girl in her early teens was in the crowd with her family that day. They also were watching and admiring the manly love and respect that the two men displayed for each other as they competed in the various sports.⁵ This girl also was a stranger to Nauvoo, having been there only about six weeks.⁶ However, her father, Samuel Walker West, was already well acquainted with several men in the area, including George A. Smith and Wilford Woodruff.⁷ He also had become well acquainted with the dark, handsome stranger. Today, as the stranger's dark eyes searched the crowd, he seemed to be looking for someone in particular. Then his eyes met those of the beautiful young southern girl, and he stopped near her. They had been noticing each other on earlier similar occasions and seemed to be mutually attracted.⁸

Samuel Walker West, being an observant man, could see the admiration displayed in both the stranger's and his daughter's eyes. Stepping a little closer, he introduced his daughter Sarah Esther West to William Barton. Samuel wondered for a moment if this attraction were more than just a passing fancy. But how could it be? His daughter was only fourteen years old, and William was eight years her senior.⁹

William Barton, originally of Lebanon, St. Clair County, Illinois, was born to John Barton of Orange County, North Carolina, and Sally Penn of Elbert County, Georgia, on January 30, 1821. The oldest boy and the second child in a family of ten, he had four brothers and five sisters. Elizabeth was the oldest child. John Wesley, one of William's brothers, died when he was eighteen years old. Elizabeth, Sarah Penn,

and Eliza Ann lived less than five years each and were buried in the Barton Cemetary in Lebanon.

The parents of this family-John and Sally Penn-were married about 1817,¹⁴ then later moved to Lebanon. Being farm folk and having a large family to support, they were far from wealthy. When Wilford Woodruff taught them the gospel, they accepted it, and both were baptized on March 8, 1835. In spite of the fact that other members of the family-all of whom were born in Lebanon-were old enough to be baptized at the same time, they chose to wait until later to accept this ordinance. William was baptized in January of 1841.¹⁰

Because he was the oldest boy, and because John Wesley, who was two years younger, was a sickly child, William had to learn at an early age to be very responsible. His mother depended a great deal on him. William learned the flour-milling trade in Lebanon and became a millwright as well.¹²

William seems to have spent most of twenty-nine years in that little college town. In that early time, schooling was difficult to acquire and had to be paid for by tuition. William could read, write and work figures very well; thus it is likely that he had whatever education was available.¹³

During those early days in Nauvoo and the surrounding country when the mobocrats were determined to annihilate Joseph and Hyrum Smith and all of their followers, it was imperative that the Prophet's bodyguards be men of stalwart character with great physical as well as emotional strength-men who could demonstrate endless courage during times of stress. Integrity combined with a deep abiding faith and love for their Prophet was a characteristic necessary in those chosen to protect him. William Barton was that kind of man. Because he had proven himself in many and varied circumstances in the past, he was chosen to serve as a scout and bodyguard to Joseph Smith and was probably in Nauvoo for that reason only.¹⁵

William, with his Uncle Asa Barton were also in Nauvoo July 10, 1844, about thirteen days after the martyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum Smith.¹⁶ In a letter he wrote to "William Barton and Asa Barton and all the Rest," John Barton, William's father, comments on the murder of Joseph and Hyrum.¹⁷

At one time, William also spent some time in Virginia, probably previous to his marriage.¹⁸ Florence Horsley Jorgenson remembered that when she was a small child her grandfather William visited her family in Price, Utah. He took her upon his knee and told her about some of his experiences. He told her that at one time he was in a

place in Virginia called "Linger Longer." From this story and others that he told her about Virginia, she learned to love the name Virginia so well that she changed her name to Florence Virginia.¹⁹

Sarah Esther West was born November 8, 1829 in Chalk Level Township, Benton County, Tennessee. She was the first child of Samuel Walker and Margaret Cooper West.²⁰ "The Wests were an ancient family of Knightly Rank, connected by descent and ties of marriage with royal lineage and other families of peerage. They were the oldest families of landed gentry throughout the Kingdom of Great Britian."²¹

At the time of her birth, Sarah Esther's parents were living on a 1,000-acre estate inherited by Margaret's maternal grandmother, Esther Fletcher, from her (Mrs. Fletcher's) uncle William's estate.²² Chalk Level, Benton County Tennessee, does not now exist, but the burial place of Margaret Cooper's father and mother in Montgomery is still intact. Benton County was southwest of that place. The Cumberland River and the Tennessee River are in that vicinity. The parents, who died at their home on this 1,000-acre plantation were both buried "about one and one-half miles from the Cumberland River, about ten miles from the town of Clarksdale, its probable location in Northwest Dixon County, Tennessee. This would be less than twenty miles northwest of Nashville."²³

It was on that beautiful estate that Esther spent about ten years of her life.²⁴ It was there that her mother taught her some of the things a girl needed to know in order to grow into the lovely, kind, hospitable, and well-respected southern lady that Esther became. It was there that she and her oldest brother John Anderson, who was only thirteen months and eleven days younger than she,²⁵ developed brother-and-sister ties that became stronger through the years. John learned how to walk and talk with Esther as they laughed and played together as babies and youngsters on the wide expanse of green acres and among the sugar maple trees that grew in abundance there. These trees were tapped annually for sap that was then made into fine maple syrup by the family and their slaves. The slaves dwelt in well-kept houses built especially for their accommodation on the estate. It was there that Esther learned to love the negro mammy who came to help her mother with household duties. It was there that she learned to love "mother earth" and the horses, cows, and other animals that were raised and well cared for on the Tennessee estate. The love that Esther's brother John held for her is expressed in this passage: "She was beautiful--wavy hair; snappy smiley eyes, quick in her movements; always a cheerful helper to her mother indoors, and outside she loved everything--even in Tennessee at age ten years she could jump on a horse

and gallop away."²⁶

Esther's mother and father joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints at Chalk Level in 1835, after being taught the gospel by David W. Patten and Warren Parrish, two missionary elders.²⁷ Esther was five and one-half years old when her parents accepted the gospel, and she later on often remembered when the LDS missionaries visited her family in their home. The elders came to feel that the West home was home to them; and during their frequent visits, Esther's parents and the missionaries would talk together for hours. A peaceful, happy mood pervaded the entire house. Esther also often remembered how generous her parents were, how they often gave the missionaries money, as well as meals and a good bed to sleep in.²⁸ All of the West children grew to expect that they should help the missionaries. One day in particular their mother handed some money to one of the elders, saying, "Take this to Kirtland. It will help," and the elder said, "Your husband has already sent money there." She replied, "It matters not. This is my own money." After the elders had left, John, Esther's brother, asked, "What is Kirtland?" His mother explained that it was a city where a beautiful house was being built. Then John asked who would be living there, and his mother replied, "My son, they are building this house for the Lord so that He can send His angels there to teach our young Prophet. Oh, my boy, it is to be the Lord's house."²⁹

Esther also learned charity from her father. She often remembered his helping the widows and the poor. On one particular occasion he was helping David W. Patten's wife by giving her some money.³⁰ When the children asked him why, he explained, "Brother Patten spends most of his time teaching the gospel to the people, and Sister Patten and the children have a very hard time getting along. We must help them, my dears."³¹ The Wests also helped buy land in Missouri for the Saints to build homes on, and it seemed to Esther and John that their folks must be awfully rich; they were always able to help.³²

It was also while Esther was living on this plantation in Tennessee with her folks that she first came to know George A. Smith and the Prophet Joseph Smith's brother, Don Carlos.³³ Little did she realize that some years later George A. would become one of her brothers-in-law. Neither did it enter her young mind that Don Carlos would die at a very young age. He would be editing the Times and Seasons for the church, and the publication would be printed in a damp cellar, an unhealthy environment that would weaken his physical condition and bring about his death.³⁴

It was now summer and Esther was feeling carefree and happy. The gorgeous blossoms on the apple trees had changed into tiny fruit that covered the branches. The fragrance of the dogwood, azaleas, and mountain laurel was still in the air, and here and there hummingbirds sipped the nectar from the blossoms while a covey of partridge flirted nearby. In the solitude of the late afternoon, honey bees, from whose hives Esther's father extracted honey, were busy among the fragrant dogwood. The occasional song of a mockingbird broke into the conversation that was going on inside the big farmhouse. Esther's parents were discussing the gospel with David Patten, Warren Parrish, Wilford Woodruff, and several other men. They were all very kind to each other, and this seemed to give Esther a good, strong feeling of security. Then her brother John, who had been chasing a squirrel for hours, bounded inside the house and announced that their Methodist minister was coming.³⁵

The man was already at the door, and without even removing his hat or knocking, he entered the house. "Here, you men! I have a warrant for your arrest! Don't move!" He began talking very loudly and shaking his fist; and because the West children were not used to rough talk, they became very frightened. Esther no longer felt free and happy. Matthew Williams was there to arrest David W. Patten and Warren Parrish, as well as Wilford Woodruff, who had just recently joined them in their missionary work.³⁶

Esther and John, being the two oldest children, realized something of a very serious nature was going on. Their mother looked more tired than usual when she told them, "He wants to hurt our missionaries, and he wants to hurt us all. We must pray." Esther's heart lifted after prayer was offered, but she still could not throw off a foreboding that she had been feeling for some time.

During the day of the trial, several of the brethren came to the West home for breakfast. Esther was her mother's mainstay as she and her sisters helped put large pans of cornbread into the oven and placed freshly sliced ham and boiled eggs on the table. When the breakfast was ready, her mother said, "Now we can pray," and they all knelt down. After breakfast was served, Esther's father went with the men to hear the trial.³⁷

The next morning Esther's father told the children that the Methodist minister was accusing David Patten, Warren Parrish, and Wilford Woodruff of doing all kinds of evil things. "One is that they have baptized four persons, and have promised them the Holy Ghost." John asked, "Is that wrong?" "No, my son, and as you grow older, you will find this gift has been promised and shall follow baptism. When

you are confirmed, if you will listen, you will hear the words receive the Holy Ghost."³⁸

Later, Esther's father said that the men did not arrest Wilford Woodruff because he lived in another country.³⁹ Elder Woodruff had borrowed one of the West's best horses to ride while doing his proselyting, and Esther and John were worried about getting their horse back. Their horse was never returned, however, because while Elder Woodruff was using him, the horse became poisoned and died.⁴⁰

Esther's grandfather West had died, and her grandmother, Sally Walker West, was lonely. She and her son had been urging Esther's family to move to Kentucky. The Wests had been undecided, but now with all this trouble in Tennessee, they knew that the Saints they loved so well would be moving away, either to Missouri or to Illinois, and now they too must leave. When they began packing their wagons, and the neighbors could see that they would soon be losing the Wests, many of them came to bid them goodbye and to tell them all how much they would be missed--especially Margaret Cooper West, who had been their main resource in times of sickness and who had never accepted a penny for any of her services.⁴¹

This move was especially hard on Esther's mother. The beautiful estate was hers, and after having lived there so long and having given birth to several of her children in the home there, she hated to give it up. The family had prospered a good deal on the estate and had come to know what it was like to enjoy a bounteous life and to be able to share with others and still have plenty for themselves. She hated, too, to have to leave her many friends. But her faith in the gospel of Jesus Christ was of utmost importance to her and her good husband. To be with the main body of the Church was their greatest desire. They felt that with them they would be forever safe, because they would be in the hands of their Lord. So leave, they must.⁴²

When children are young, it is with enthusiasm that most of them look forward to new adventures. Esther was excited about going to a new place to live near her West grandmother, but she also felt mixed emotions about leaving her homeland. How she would miss her favorite apple tree and its pink blossoms that were so beautiful and fragrant in the spring and the luscious apples it bore every fall. And there were the horses that she enjoyed so much--their magnificent bay stallion, the lovely mares with their frisky colts beside them, and her very special thoroughbred filly whose bay coat glistened with golden-red highlights in the warm southern sun. "How can I bear to leave them?" she cried, tears as big as peas rolling down her

cheeks. Esther realized that she and John would never again be able to roam those lush green plantation acres in the spring, that John would not be able to ride his buckskin gelded pacer, that she would not be able to ride her mother's sorrel mare over the vale and into the next pasture rich with the new green grass of spring. She knew, too, that they would never again be able to smell the sweet perfume of the azalea, dogwood, magnolia trees, and mountain laurel that were more lovely on their vast estate than anywhere else in the world.

And all those remarkable pieces of furniture and precious heir-looms that they couldn't possibly take with them. They must choose what to take and what to leave behind. No wonder her mother was seen so often then shedding tears. And how she would miss hearing their dear darkies singing in the evenings by the moonlight after all their days work was done. But she knew that her parents were wise people and that she must abide by their decisions and go happily with them to this new country to be near the main body of the Church. Kentucky was on their way to Illinois, and, by going that way, they could spend some important time with her grandmother West.⁴³

At last everything was loaded, and Esther, along with the rest of the family, was seated in the nicest covered wagon they owned. Their long journey began.

Not one word was spoken by either one of Esther's parents, nor did they once turn their heads to look back on their estate as their best team of horses took the loaded wagon through the home lane for the last time and made the turn in the road. How many times, when the family returned from their travels, had they made that turn and seen come into view their beautiful red brick home surrounded by well-kept outbuildings and acres and acres of lush pasture land dotted with those beautiful horses.⁴⁴ The tall stately maple trees seemed to tower even higher, sentinel-like, over the plantation that day while their lovely green leaves fluttered and shimmered in the early morning sunlight. As the last sight of their beautiful home grounds passed out of sight, Esther, who had turned to take one more look, saw another black hand waving a final goodbye.

Esther's father pointed his team straight west as he and his family began their trek to a strange land. As the horses pulled their loaded wagon over the dusty road, the family felt that they were on their way to victory. God was with them.

The Wests reached Kentucky safely, and what a beautiful land it was with its many forests of great trees, streams of running water, and flowers everywhere. Soon Esther was happy again. With her

brothers, sisters, and new friends, she was racing through the woods, gathering flowers, laughing and singing.⁴⁵ She studied hard in school and began taking dancing lessons.⁴⁶

Letters came from the West's old friends who had moved into Missouri and into the town of Far West. They told of the terrible mobbings--how the whole town had been surrounded and two of the brethren had been murdered, one of whom was their old friend David W. Patten who was shot at the battle at Crooked River.⁴⁷ Esther huddled close with her family the night they heard this sad news, wondering what would happen next. And they wondered, too, how Sister Patten would manage with all of her children now that her husband was dead. Esther and her family were afraid to mention this to their grandmother, because she was at that time not in sympathy with the Saints. So they all knelt and prayed and asked their father in heaven for help for all of the Saints and asked especially that their grandma West and uncle would have a change of heart about the Gospel.⁴⁸

When Esther and her family first arrived in Kentucky, her grandmother West and her uncle and his wife were very much against the LDS Church and were very free with their criticism with Esther's folks. However, about one year later they begged Esther's folks for forgiveness for the way they had treated them and then they, too, were baptized into the Church.⁴⁹

The three years following the arrival of Esther's family in Kentucky Esther spent with them in Wadsbarron, Calloway County.⁵⁰ When she and her older brothers and sisters heard their West grandmother and uncle scolding their parents for being so liberal with their finances and other means in helping the missionaries, it bothered them considerably. But they learned to love it there by their West grandmother. After Esther's little brother Moroni was born on April 21, 1842, in Calloway County, they loved it even more. They often spoke of their brother Wesley, whom they lost while in Tennessee, and whom they had to leave buried there.

Esther's mother was more busy than ever now training Esther and her sisters in ways of modesty and culture. She always said, "Good wives are very essential for the rearing of good men and good women. I do hope my girls will make good wives."⁵¹ "For the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world."

John always stood in awe of Esther who was the eldest. She was beautiful, vivacious, daring, and could manage and ride a horse as well as, if not better than, he.⁵² Esther always felt safe with her oldest brother, who looked out for her wherever they went. He was a

great tease and loved especially to tease his sister. He had picked up some of the neighborhood vernacular while fishing with a couple of the neighborhood boys, and he loved to say to Esther, "I kotched the fish and fotched 'um home," because he knew without a doubt that she would chase him out of the house, and his mother would chide. At last his father told him that if he continued to tease his sisters by using such poor language that some day to his own embarrassment he would use those same words when he didn't wish to.⁵³

Esther and her family could have been forever happy in Kentucky. They had plenty of food and warmth, and the family relationships were congenial. But a yearning to be close to the Church and its people, to be able to see and to hear their Prophet, and to be able to be reared in that environment, seemed the most important thing in all the world to them.⁵⁴

Again their wagons were loaded, and they were on their way. It was the first day of June, 1842, that Esther and her family bid farewell to Kentucky and their dear ones. How good it was to be on their way to see their Prophet, of whom they had heard such wonderful things. And how great it would be to live by people who believed as they did. When the West family neared the end of their journey, Esther was in awe of the vast expanse of the Mississippi River. And the city of Nauvoo--how fast it was growing.⁵⁵

The West family stopped and made camp near the creek outside the city, along with many other wagons. They had brought a number of cured hams with them. Had they fully understood the poverty conditions at Nauvoo, however, they would have loaded their wagons with food. But they were not aware of this. The family met Wilford Woodruff and George A. Smith who introduced them to the Prophet Joseph, and Esther's father gave the Prophet one ham. Soon the food they had brought began to diminish. Esther's father loaned one man \$30 to help his needy family. The man was not able to pay him back, and Samuel West was unable to finish his own house. They had to live in it unplastered while the wind beat cruelly into it and the family suffered with the cold. George A. Smith had warned the West family to take care of their means, but they payed him no heed, and it wasn't long until they were as destitute as everyone else in the area.⁵⁶ It appears, however, that the children didn't suffer as much as their parents, probably because the children were given preference in the distribution of necessities.⁵⁷

Now it was July of 1842. A soft breeze was gently blowing Esther's shining dark auburn locks across her soft cheeks, pink now

from the excitement of her meeting the dark handsome stranger of Nauvoo. As William looked at her, a warm, gentle look came into his dark brown steady gaze, and one could read in his eyes that he felt he had now found the girl with whom he desired to share the rest of his life.

These two people immediately began their romance, and in between trips from Lebanon where William had to spend most of the fall and spring months helping his father on the farm, he visited in Nauvoo with his sweetheart.⁵⁸

In June of 1843, the year that the principle of celestial marriage became a law,⁵⁹ there appeared to be more of a determination on the part of Missouri authorities to continue their murderous demands for the body of Joseph Smith, and the Prophet was forced to petition Congress to take Nauvoo under the protection of the United States. Martin Van Buren, then President of the United States, took a shallow view of the case, as Governor Ford of Illinois had been doing. Never once were either one of these men in sympathy with the Saints during any of the persecutions they suffered from the hands of their enemies for so long.⁶⁰ In places removed from Nauvoo, near Lebanon, Missourians and their followers were again marauding the Saints--burning their crops and buildings and killing their livestock. Many of the Saints were forced to go to Nauvoo for protection.⁶¹ From then on, conditions continued to worsen until June 27, 1844, when the Prophet and his brother Hyrum were killed in cold blood in the Carthage jail.⁶²

At this very moment Governor Ford was addressing the people in the unfinished frame building on the corner below the Mansion, where the Prophet had addressed the Legion a week earlier. The Governor is reported as saying, "You ought to be praying Saints, not military Saints. Depend upon it, a little more misbehavior from the citizens and the torch, which is already lighted, will be applied, the city may be reduced to ashes, and extermination would inevitably follow."⁶³

While the Governor was speaking a concussion was heard, as though it might be the faint sound of thunder from afar or the rumble of a cannon. One of Ford's officers looked around with some anxiety and whispered something to Ford. A boy standing in the audience plainly heard the sound and looked up at the cloudless sky. Was it thunder? No. The dreadful tragedy at Carthage was being enacted, and a cannon was fired on the road between Carthage and Warsaw as a signal that the bloody deed was done.

After the meeting Ford and his officers met in the front room of the Mansion House (the same building where Joseph and Hyrum's bodies lay in state while awaiting burial),⁶⁴ and Ford consulted with

them. Porter Rockwell entered the hallway to go up the stairs in time to hear the Governor say, "The deed should be done by now." The full import of Ford's words did not sink into Porter's mind until after the Governor and his troops had galloped off for Carthage.⁶⁵

William helped in the burial of his beloved Prophet, tears streaming down his cheeks, and Esther helped comfort Emma, Joseph's widow, with whom she later became close friends. Emma was near prostration with grief over the loss of her beloved husband and the father of her children.⁶⁶

Tragedy is a great equalizer, and never was there a time in the history of the Church that the Saints realized this more than now. They knew that it was now that they must begin in earnest to plan for their arduous trek across the plains to the mountains in the West. "We must go far away to the West--to the valley of the Great Salt Lake," their Prophet Joseph had prophesied to them several times in the recent past. The great expanse of all of the western country had been envisioned to him through the Lord, and now his prophecy must be carried out.⁶⁷

William must have spent considerable time in Nauvoo the next eight months, courting the charming Esther West, because on February 26, 1845, they were married in a ceremony performed by George A. Smith.⁶⁸

After they were married, William and Esther made their home in Lebanon where William could be of more help to his ailing father whose greatest desire also was to move with his family to the West. In holding onto his property longer than he should have in hopes of getting a better price out of it, he became acutely ill from a chronic disease and died on November 13, 1846, at the age of 50, leaving his wife Sally Penn a widow at 46 with five unmarried children, most of them still being dependent on her.⁶⁹

Esther's family had already left Nauvoo, and now that grandpa John Barton had passed away, leaving all of the family responsibility to William and his mother, they too began in earnest to get together teams, wagons, cattle, and other supplies in hopes of being able to leave within the next two or three years for the mountains in the West.⁷⁰ As it has also been spoken of in American history, the West family never referred to "going to the mountains in the west." Instead, they said, "We are going out into the wilderness."⁷¹

In the meantime, on February 1, 1848, William and Esther's first child was born to them--a boy, whom they named Joseph Alma after their martyred Prophet.⁷²

There is some discrepancy over the actual time that William Barton and his family left for the West. An article printed in the Deseret News of 1856 states: "William Barton, Sarah Esther West Barton and a son, Joseph Alma Barton, left Lebanon, Illinois, for Utah in the late summer of 1850. They were almost three months crossing the plains by ox team. They remained in Salt Lake until early spring of 1851, arriving in Parowan April 7th or 8th."⁷³

In the West history, Our Heritage as It Glows from the West, we are told that Esther's family arrived in Parowan in November of 1851 and that Esther and William were very happy to at last have their family with them.⁷⁴ Phillip Jackson Barton and his brother Stephen Rollins Barton, sons of William and Esther, have given still a different account of how they traveled with the Garden Grove Company in which Esther's brother, John, and Columbus Freeman were also members. (Columbus Freeman later married one of Esther's sisters, Lydia Clementine West, in 1862). Here is some of the account of Jack and Stephen:

They started in the spring, likely April, and traveled toward Iowa where the Wests had gone in 1846.

Note: The Wests had stopped at Mt. Pisgah for a time in 1846, then, with a selected group had gone on to Kanessville (Council Bluffs), Iowa, where they could get employment and make themselves more prepared for the journey west. They remained there several years, then in June 1851, they joined the Garden Grove Company and made a perilous journey to Salt Lake City, Utah, which place they reached in late September of the same year. (From Our Heritage as It Glows from the West by Mary Riggs.)

Here, the Wests with their family, grandma, Aunt Susan, Emmie (Jesse N. Smith's first wife), Aunt Margaret, Jesse N. Smith, Aunt Liddie, (Columbus Freeman later became her husband), Nancy (John Henry Rollins later became her husband), William West, John West, and Grandpa Barton, got ready to cross the plains. Grandpa was made a captain of ten. George A. Smith led this party. They churned butter by putting the cream in a churn and fastening it in the rough wagon so it wouldn't tip over. . . .

. . . Uncle Acy loaned Brigham Young \$1,000. I've spent it for a good cause. Never paid it back. Uncle left on Oregon Trail to San Bernardino. Short Order House. Sold pies for one dollar each. . . .

. . . Whiskey incident at St. Louis, Mo. Warm today. Somewhere on the plains the ox teams stampeded in the bend of the Platte River. Grandma, with Uncle Al clutched in her arms, got out on the tongue between the oxen. Grandpa ran along side and caught the boy as she tossed him over the near oxen to him. Then she jumped clear of the train. John West's team ran over a woman who climbed out of the back of the wagon ahead. The company stopped a few days in Salt Lake and, after being assigned they broke up and went their assigned ways. Our people billed for Iron Co.

What happened on the two-hundred mile trip from Salt Lake to Greenville is not in my notes but father and Uncle Jack stated that most of the group took the lower route, through California Hollow and over the ridge near the Bald Hills area, while Grandpa took the east road and crossed the ridge near where highway 91 now passes through. This was the alternate road at that time. They crossed Buckhorn and arrived in what later became Parowan about Nov. 1851.

At this point we need to look at a quote from a Desert News of 1856, which appears in the book, "Our Heritage as it Glows from the West." William Barton, Sarah Esther West Barton, and a son, Joseph Alma Barton, left Lebanon, Illinois, for Utah in the late summer of 1851. They were almost three months crossing the plains by ox-team. They remained in Salt Lake, until early Spring of 1851, arriving in Parowan April 7th or 8th.

The readers must come to their own conclusions as to which story is correct. Tradition, based solely on memory, is treacherous and undependable, unless concurred in by a number of people, but a news item written 5 or 6 years after the event is subject to the same criticism. The story told by my father and his brother is common, for this Desert News quote is found in the account of the settlement of Parowan which states that this family of Bartons arrived with the first wagon train in the Spring of 1851, April 7 or 8. There's only seven months difference in the two dates of arrival, so that doesn't matter much, but the interesting stories of the whole West family crossing the plains with my grandparents and Uncle Alma could not well be left out without affecting our feelings at least. Well, there you are! (Note: 1850 Census)⁷⁵

The Garden Grove Company arrived in Salt Lake Valley on September 25, 1851. Their first night they camped on the banks of the Jordan

River. Within a short while Brigham Young had assigned the West family to go on to Parowan, and on the last day of October, 1851, they arrived there.

An oft-told story about the family during this time has to do with an incident that occurred somewhere on a bend on the Platte River. As the company of sixty-two wagons, some pulled by oxen and some drawn by horse-team, moved over the dry dusty trail toward the West, a great herd of buffalo came into sight. It was on a sultry afternoon, and not a single breeze was stirring the air. Suddenly, hundreds of shaggy animals, frightened at the disturbance the train was causing, rushed madly across the trail. It took a masterful hand to curb the best team in the world.⁷⁶ William Barton was a master teamster and a captain over ten wagons in the train. When he and Esther saw that their train was getting out of control, Esther tightly clutched baby Alma to her breast and climbed out onto the wagon tongue that was situated between the two oxen. She balanced herself there just long enough to toss the baby to his father; then she jumped over the back of one oxen and out of the way of the wagon train. Another woman in the train who had become frightened jumped out of the back of her wagon, and was run over and killed by John Anderson West's team. As Esther related this story to her family, she said she could still hear the shrieks of the women as half of their train of thirty-one wagons with maddened animals attached dashed over the hill, through the woods, and against jagged rocks.⁷⁷ The women were thinking of all their earthly possessions. How could a fragment of a dish or a piece of furniture be saved? One cow's horns were torn completely off her head and sixty head of cattle ran away from the train and were never found. Another team was so badly frightened that it was never retrieved. When calm ruled at last, the men went out to see which woman had been run over and killed. It was, as they had all thought--Ellen Kingsley. They scooped out a grave, and with all the tenderness and love that they could muster, laid her to rest. Her grave was just another monument to the torturous journey of the pioneers. Many other times the cattle became frightened by the buffalo or some strange noise and then ran away, and some were never found by the pioneers.⁷⁸

Esther was a steady-nerved woman with great fortitude and strength of character. Especially in times of stress was she able to act calmly and with good judgment.⁷⁹

When William, Esther and baby Alma left Lebanon to join the Wests in Council Bluffs, they left with one good wagon and two yoke of oxen. The route of travel they had planned well ahead to take was that already trod by earlier pioneers of the Church. They would go

along the north bank of the Platte River to Fort Laramie and, from there, cross the river and continue over the Oregon Trail up the Sweetwater and over the Continental Divide through the South Pass across Green River to Fort Bridger. They would then travel toward the southwest through Echo Canyon and East Canyon over Big and Little Mountain into Emigration Canyon and then move to the valley of the Great Salt Lake.⁸⁰

It was not so hard to leave Lebanon now that Esther's family had been settled for the past three and one-half years in Kaneshville (Council Bluffs), Iowa, where they were doing well. Esther's father had secured a government job along with doing some farming that was making them a good living and allowing them to put money aside to be able to make the remainder of their trip to the Great Salt Lake Valley. They also had improved two good homes, and their children were enrolled in the best school available. The girls and John were also taking dance instruction,⁸¹ and William Moroni, now eight years old, was also beginning to learn the steps. Both William and Esther knew that soon William's mother and five children would be following and they would all be together in the not too distant future.⁸²

William, with his company, boarded three flat boats on the river bank, and as the boatmen, with their long poles, pushed the barges from the bank and began to cross the great Mississippi to the Iowa shore, mothers, with tears of thankfulness running down their cheeks, hugged their little ones close to them. William and Esther trusted in God as they crossed the wide expanse of water, knowing that conflict awaited them, yet feeling beforehand as only a virile faith can make man feel--that theirs would be a victory. They were leaving their land and homes behind them that they were forced to sell for a paltry amount, but they were also leaving great persecution behind. As they looked into the great beyond that stretched out endlessly before them, they knew not where or when they would be able to find a new home, but only that a more purposeful life lay before them.

The wagon train, drawn by horses and oxen, continued to make its way, dust cascading over its wagon wheels in the still summer air. William turned in his seat to take one more look at the stately Nauvoo Temple as it shone white in the early morning sun. As the wagon train continued on its mileless journey into the western wilderness, the Nauvoo landmark slowly receded into the distance and the now constantly traveled, well-marked wagon trail that stretched out before them drew their attention.

By now William and Esther and company had moved on to the main pioneer trail. The first night they camped at Sugar Creek. Then

they traveled on until they reached Kanessville, Iowa, later named Council Bluffs, the name by which it is still known.⁸³ They stopped only at night. Their company made a habit of stopping early each night so that the bedding could be aired before they retired and so that the clothes they needed for the morrow could be washed out and dried. When William and Esther finally reached the Big Springs at Kanessville where Esther's folks were now living,⁸⁴ they held a grand reunion. How good it was for Esther to once again be with her family. And what a special treat it was for her parents to see their first grandchild Alma, whom they had not yet seen. And how his aunts made over him.⁸⁵ Esther couldn't believe how grown-up her sisters and brothers John and William Moroni had become in the three and one-half years she had not seen them. And they had also become very graceful dancers. It was good to be able once more to attend the family sings and parties and for William to play his fiddle while her brother John called out, just as he had been trained to do, in perfect rhythm, getting each dancer in step with the music: "1, 2, 3, 4, and 5, 6, 7, 8, and nine and ten. Salute your partner and promenade all!" And many times when the moon was full, these brave, happy people displayed a decorum of the most fashionable ballroom in those dances on the plains. When they left the dancing, they each went to bed to forget the turbulent streams, the jagged rocks, the sand that sometimes stalled them. In dreams they sang "Whoa, Ha, Buck and Jerry Boy!" "Up there, Jim, and balance all!" The next morning they smiled, memories of the dance still in their minds. The day ahead they could now look to with little dread, for tonight they would dance and sing again. And some of them might even fall in love when the fiddles played.⁸⁶ "But it was our hymns and prayers night and morning that gave us the courage and hope to weather the present, to remember the past and to meet the future in our new, untouched plains of the West."⁸⁷

What a lovely gentleman Esther's brother John was now. It seemed such a little while ago that he was only a boy and she and he were playing and running together. "Where have all those years gone?" Esther thought. And her eyes filled with tears. Nancy Melinda, who was only three when Esther last saw her, was now six years old, and what a help she was becoming to her mother.

They all had such good talks around the fire while Esther and William visited with Esther's folks in Kanessville. John told them again about the time when he saw the "mantle of Joseph" fall on Brigham Young that day in the Grove when Sidney Rigdon talked for an hour and a half trying to convince the Saints that he should be

their next prophet. Sidney had forgotten that when the head was lost the next quorum in authority was the one to lead.⁸⁸ John was only fourteen years old when he and some other boys were near the bowery listening to several men besides Sidney Rigdon speak. Then Brigham Young arose, and all saw in a moment that he was the man, for his very voice, his gestures, and his attitude were those of the Prophet Joseph. A blind woman clasped her hands and shouted, "Has Brother Joseph been raised from the dead?"⁸⁹ John said he and the boys he was with couldn't see very well, and one of the boys said, "Listen! That is the Prophet speaking!" We got up on the hubs of the wagon wheels so we could see better, and we could see that it was Brigham Young who at that moment looked and sounded just like Joseph."⁹⁰

According to the West History, after a stay of a few weeks with Esther's family, William's company moved on.⁹¹ The following incident that occurred during the next part of their journey has often been told by Jack and Steve Barton. When they reached the Missouri River, its water was running like a torrent, high over its banks.

The Captain and the wise men of the company knew that since the snows came early in the Rocky Mountains, they had no time to lose in getting their cargo of living souls over those dangerous and sometimes trackless trails to safety. When they faced the swollen Missouri River, they stood in awe. For a couple of days they waited for the waters to recede. But on the third day, even though it still seemed too high for a safe crossing, the leaders said, "We must be on our way."

They thought of the Israelites crossing the Red Sea on dry land. The Lord had helped them. "He will help us, too!" With a prayer in unison that God would take charge of this perilous part of their journey, brave-hearted men rode into the waters to test the footing and current and to find the most shallow and safest place to cross. After many hours of hazardous scouting, the pilgrimage began.

White-faced men with fear in their hearts, but with unwavering steps and confident voices, led their teams and families into the angry water. One team at a time forded the river while those on the banks watched breathlessly. It is not recalled how long it took them, but there were sixty-two wagons that made the crossing. In each wagon sat a prayerful woman with quietly weeping children by her side. When at last the sixty-second wagon was urged up and out

onto the bank in safety, only then did the men slip from their saddles to take a first long breath of relief. But an even greater prayer was offered than at the beginning-- a prayer of thanksgiving for their safe deliverance. "He had not led us over dry land, but he had led us safely through the swollen, maddened waters of the Missouri to the banks of peace and safety!"⁹²

This safe crossing gave all of them new heart; and with even more humility than they had had before, they made the rest of the journey without any serious harm to any of the family members.

In November of 1850, almost three months from the time they had left Lebanon, William, Esther, and baby, with the rest of their company, arrived in the Great Salt Lake Valley. They stayed in Salt Lake until the next spring, when orders came from Brigham Young for William and his family to help head the Iron Mission that was led by George A. Smith. On October 27, 1850, Brigham Young had called a special meeting of the Seventies and requested that a millwright help them. Thus William joined a company of thirty wagons, and he, along with Esther and baby Alma, was once more on his way.⁹³

They camped the first four nights somewhere south of Salt Lake. The next night they stopped at Peteetneet, now Payson, then moved on toward Chicken Creek southwest of where Levan is now located, progressing about ten to twelve miles a day. At that time of year snow and rain were still making the south bank slippery, and it was hard for the oxen to get over it.⁹⁴ They then continued on toward Beaver Valley, entering by way of Wildcat Canyon on the north, then moved southwest to some beautiful natural meadow where the grass was horse-belly high. It was near what was to be known later as Carter Springs. At that time, William acquired this property by way of squatter's rights. He later sold it to Gid, John, and Earl Carter, and hence the name "Carter Springs." This property was later sold to Perly Rollins and is now owned by the Martin Smith family of Beaver.⁹⁵

From this campsite William Barton and his group proceeded on to Parowan, Utah, over the nine-mile ridge south of Beaver, Utah, near where highway 91 is presently located. The rest of the group followed the southwest route through the California Hollow, over the ridge east of the Bald Hills, two and one-half miles into Little Valley, to Buckhorn, and then onto Parowan.⁹⁶

As they entered Parowan Valley, broad sagebrush flats spread

out before them, and here and there jackrabbits and cottontails skittered to the underbrush for cover. Far to the right, a placid lake shone in the late afternoon sun, too far distant for the towering mountains on the east to show their reflection. Little Salt Lake Valley looked peaceful this time of year.

As the team of oxen lumbered on over the red soil, carrying William and Esther and son Alma to their first night's campground, there was not even enough breeze to lift the tiny spiraling tufts of wafting sand from the heels of the oxen. The clouds of dust following the team slowly settled back again into the hoof prints of time.

William's dark eyes glistened with gratitude as he looked out at the beautiful valley. He could see that the abundance of hemlock, cedar and spruce-fir, and tundra communities occurring along the nearby hills and in the canyons would certainly offer the pioneer a great opportunity to succeed. And his heart lifted. He realized that at last he and his loved ones were now in a land that truly seemed to hold some promise for the future.

After William, Esther, and Alma had settled down for the night, William and Esther talked about how long it would be before their parents could join them. They were concerned about their health and the long journey that lay ahead of them. Then the daylight slowly waned, the moon climbed upward, and the sky, bright with stars, seemed to draw closer in an attempt to watch over those brave people. Overhead a nighthawk cried out as he swooped the skies, and a killdeer crooned its song. An owl hooted as he perched in a nearby tree, and not far away a lonely coyote wailed for its mate. Then all was quiet, except for the hushed night sounds that kept time to the heavy rhythmic breathing of the oxen lying asleep beside the wagon.

But Esther couldn't help but be a little lonely. She would be so relieved when all of their folks were safely there in Parowan with them. William sensed her loneliness and gently drew her close to him. "How good it is to be close to the man of my heart," she thought, knowing for a certainty that with him she would always be able to find comfort and be forever safe. William gently reassured her that his love for her would endure through any kind of trials throughout the ages.⁹⁷

William and Esther never dreamed that the days could be so warm and bright and the nights so cold. The lake to the west was salty, and the needlelike leaves on the junipers and pinion were in direct contrast to the broad-leaved trees and shrubs of their native land. Sagebrush covered the valleys, hills, and hollows. And willows, haws,

birch, and cottonwoods habitated where the water was closer to the surface.⁹⁸ It was not at all like the grassy plains over which they had just come or those found along the Mississippi, where groves of pecans grow in heavy, dense clusters along the streams.⁹⁹

The hooting of the owl and the call of the coyote disturbed them at first, but soon became music to their ears. They would not be confronted by large poisonous snakes as they often were in the south. And rattlesnakes would at least give them a warning. Deer, rabbits, and antelope moved a little way out, but still stayed close enough to afford William food and rayment for himself and his family. The birds, too, were different. Right in this area of pigmy forest, the blue jays and ravens took the place of the mockingbirds and the whippoorwill.¹⁰⁰

But the greatest joy came in their knowing that they could now settle down on land of their own--land that they could keep, where mobocrats could not interfere.

William, along with others in his thirty-wagon company, began to to clear land, plant crops, dig ditches, and build temporary shelters. They also built corrals and stables for their livestock. Breaking up the hard, brush-covered soil with only crude implements was hard work, as was digging ditches with which to irrigate the crops. But this was compensated for by the relief they felt at being away from their tormentors. Their only human enemies at that time were small, poorly organized bands of Indians and an occasional renegade white.¹⁰¹

William Barton built a pine-log cabin west of main street, and when George A. Smith advised the settlers to build their homes in a fort so that they would be protected against the Indians, William's cabin ended up just inside the walls of the fort. The fort took up sixty rods north along main street, then sixty rods west and hence sixty rods south and sixty rods east, where the two corners joined on the main street side. Inside the fort, the Saints also built a corral, a log council house, and a church from logs and timber that William helped hew, cut, and haul from the nearby canyons. In the northwest corner of the fort, a four-rod square was reserved for a bastion from which the fort was to be commanded, but fortunately it was never needed for that purpose.¹⁰²

The walls of the fort were built out of red clay from Parowan. When completed, they were twelve feet high, seven feet thick at the base, and about three feet thick at the top. Water was brought in under the wall at the southeast corner through a rock culvert. A flume ran west and then northwest out onto the big field.¹⁰³

William bought fifteen acres of land in this area and planted three or maybe six acres of it in wheat the first fall that he lived in Parowan.¹⁰⁴ There were two big double gates in the center of both the east and the west walls. The homes built inside the fort faced toward its center.¹⁰⁵

William also helped build the Old Bowery that was erected in the spring of 1851.¹⁰⁶ Many times, in that building, he and Esther helped entertain Brigham Young's party as well as the Saints who were on their way to San Bernadino, California.¹⁰⁷

On January 27, 1852, by order from Brigham Young, William, along with several other men under the direction of John D. Lee, left Parowan to explore the Rio Virgin, a trip that took fifteen days. Before leaving, William wrote a letter to his mother, who was in Lebanon, to inform her of his whereabouts and a few of his plans for the future.

Parowan, Utah
Nov. the 17th, 1851

Dear Mother and Brothers and Sisters

I once more set down to give you to understand where we are. We are most comfortable situated in Little Salt Lake valley in a pine log cabin. We were dissatisfied with the appearance of the great Salt Lake Valley, so we concluded to travel south until we found a more pleasant country.

We passed through several beautiful valleys and landed on the 4th, inst. in little Salt Lake valley. A beautiful valley it is. Well supplied with the beautiful timber that ever grew. The pine, the fir, the hemlock and spruce all grow in abundance here, besides the mountains are literally covered with cedars and pinion pine which makes the most splendid fire wood I ever burned. The pine nut rezemble the Chinkapin acovne. And they are a delicious nut, they grow in abundance upon the pinion pine but water is rether scare.

I have bought fiteene acres of land in the big field, I have put in three acres of wheat and I think I will put in three acres more.

I am now (fining) 'waiting' to go over the rim of the basin on the Rio Virgin, a distance of near one hundred miles south. Snow has never bin know to fall there, of course it is a warm country. We calculate to grow cotton,

sugar cane, grapes and tabacco, wheat, corn and potatoes. In fact everything that grows in the States can be raised here in the rich valleys. We intende to start in about three weeks. We will build a fort, fence a farm, sew wheat and plant fruit seeds, and return sometime in March and move our families if I like the country there. It is very likely that we will settle there on account of the mildness of the climate. It is about three hundred miles to the Sea Coast.

The country hear is very pleasant. Snow lays on the ground but a short time. Farmers can plow and sow hear all winter. Wheat grows well hear and after harvest, harrow the ground and let the water on and you will raise another good crop. Cattle that doesn't work keeps beef fat all winter. The health of the Coliney is first rate, the place has bin settled one year and not the first death. The inhabitents numbers about four hundred. We all injoy firstrate health. We have good stumicks and plenty to eat, such as it is, flower bread and fat beef, and potatoes. With tea, coffee and cabbige. With all other vedgittables is what we poor mormans loves and fattens on. The Indians are very friendly.

I will expect to meet you all at great Salt Lake Citty next faul. We will gow to the Citty sumtime in September and I want you all to meete us thare and I will pilot you south if you wish. I will raise wheat enough for us all and I will try and build Mother a house that may not bee with you as it was with us _____.

Be careful in selecting your teems, get oxen as near like them I got off Hamp Williams, they was in fine order when we got through. Have three good yokes of oxen two a ? Wait and you may calculate to cross the planes bring farming untecles such as plows hows spades shovels and sythes. Special dry goods bring domestic Sattennet Calico and hickery Groceries Shugar Coffee tea and sole lether. A few Bunches Cotten yarn. Wool roels can bee had hear for 75¢ per pound And will bee sold Cheaper next year Bring A Little Choise White and yellow seede corn bring All the peach and Apple Seeds Cherry and grape Seeds and all good Seeds you can get and Beshore and bring me Some tobaco I am out And Two hundred and Seventy five from the preshious

Weede Jo. give us a Chew Six¹⁰⁸

In the fall of 1852, an article appeared in the Deseret News, telling about an Indian who was the brother of Chief Ow-wan-nop.¹⁰⁹ He went to John D. Lee's home in his absence and became very saucy with Mrs. Lee. She told him to leave, which he took as an insult, and he began hitting her over the head with a piece of plank, cutting quite a gash in her forehead. Mrs. Lee fought like a trojan, but the Indian picked up another piece of plank with which to hit her again, when he was intercepted and knocked out by William Barton.¹¹⁰

In 1852, Sally Penn and her five remaining children started on their journey to the West to join her oldest son, William, and Esther in Parowan. They stopped for a short while in Iowa, then began making plans for the final trek to the mountains. While in Iowa, the two oldest daughters, Matilda Jane Domeny, a widow with three small children, and Julia King heard of the encouraged practice of plural marriage in Utah. They vowed they would not live as seconds to anyone. If they had to be married to some man who already had a wife, they refused to go another step. (Julia may have been married previous to this, according to an old letter.)¹¹¹

Julia remained in Iowa, married William Gedney, and had a family. Matilda Jane went back to the old home in Illinois. She had a rather hard time getting along, but the relatives who lived near were good to her and the children. In 1860 she married her cousin, Jesse Barton Nicholls, who provided well for her needs the rest of her life. She had one son by this marriage, George Stephen Nicholls. The girls kept in close contact with their folks in Utah by correspondence as long as they lived.¹¹² (Their letters appear in the back of this history. They are typewritten copies made from the originals.)

Sally would naturally be somewhat grieved to be separated from her only living daughters, but she felt that she must go on with her sons to Zion. Joseph was a man of 21 years and so, of course, in their travels took the responsibility of his 52-year-old mother and the younger boys, Stephen, who was 13, and Samuel, who was 11.¹¹³

Sally Barton and her sons arrived in the Great Salt Lake Valley, being between three or four months on the way. It is regrettable that it is not known by family members in whose company the Bartons traveled. They did not remain long in Salt Lake but went on south to Parowan¹¹⁴ with William who had met them there.¹¹⁵

This same year, William Barton joined his three brothers, Stephen, Sam, and Joseph, who had arrived with their mother Sally Penn from Lebanon, Illinois, and several other settlers, and they broke up the ground and

planted crops and settled Paragonah.¹¹⁶ William and others were quick to see the possibility of good farms watered with the streams coming down Red Creek and Little Creek Canyons. The Indians were becoming mean; so to protect themselves and their stock from the plundering Red Men, the people built a post stockade and traveled back and forth to Paragonah from Parowan.¹¹⁷ Sally Penn lived in a dugout before she lived in the Paragonah fort.¹¹⁸ They did not move their families from Parowan as they were fearful of the Indians attacking them, so the men made rude huts of Cedar posts and logs to shelter them while they were planting their crops. The first year proved to be prosperous, and, because they were encouraged, some of the settlers built dugouts and moved their families into them. These proved to be warm, comfortable homes until better ones were built. New families that were added to this little band of settlers consisted of Grandma Sally Penn Barton and her sons.¹¹⁹

It was in 1853 and 1854 that the first flour burr mill in Iron County was built. It was constructed by William Barton and Nelson Hollingshead, and owned by George A. and Calvin Lazell Smith. It was operated by William Barton, who was the first grist miller in Iron County.¹²⁰ This mill was built just inside the old fort at the southeast corner and was run by water power.¹²¹ During this time, two more sons were born to William and Esther--William, born January 1, 1853, who lived only one month, passing away on February 8, 1853,¹²² and Daniel King, their third son, who was born March 11, 1854.¹²³

In August of 1853 the Indian War broke out, and all settlers living outside of forts were ordered to move into them for protection. As can be imagined, these settlers suffered great financial loss as they moved their log cabins and tore down the adobe houses some of them had built. What crops the Indians did not destroy were finally harvested and taken to Parowan. Chief Walkar later told the settlers that he only wanted enough crops for his people, that they did not need to destroy their houses. Chief Walkar said he was never licked until he came to Parowan Valley. He died in January of 1855.¹²⁴ While living in Parowan and Paragonah, William traveled to Greenville where he cut and hauled the wild hay back to Paragonah to feed his livestock.¹²⁵

In the early part of 1855, President Brigham Young went to Iron County and vicinity, and, after making an inspection of the situation, he called the first settlers back to Paragonah to make permanent homes. Upon advising them to build a fort for their protection against the Indians, he dedicated a spot of ground for this purpose, the same

spot where the Church now stands. When spring came, William Barton, with his three brothers, Stephen, Joseph, and Samuel, were among the first men to return to begin preparing the adobes for building the fort.¹²⁶ The homes were built around the inside of the fort and faced the center. Even though the fort was not finished by the end of the first year, the pioneers moved into it on December 15, 1855, and lived quite comfortably.¹²⁷ The Indians, realizing that the pioneers were there to stay, quieted down.

On June 25, 1856, William and Esther's first daughter was born, and they named her Esther Jane. In the fall of 1856, William and Esther made a trip to Salt Lake and back to Parowan in their covered wagon. This trip had been planned for quite some time. It was a very special occasion—one they had been looking forward to with great anticipation. On November 10 they were sealed to each other for time and eternity in the old Endowment House.¹²⁸ They took their three small children with them. Alma was eight years old, Daniel King was two years and eight months, and baby Esther Jane was five months. William and Esther had all three of them, and baby William who died at age one month, sealed to them at that time.¹²⁹

Chapter 2: The Middle Years

In July of 1856, Mary Williamson landed in New York on the ship Horizon, having traveled from England. Edward Martin was Captain of the ship. From New York, Mary traveled by railroad to Iowa City, Iowa, and across the plains in the handcart company of Edward Martin. Her father, who had already come to Utah from Sanshire, England, and who was now settled in Paragonah, had sent for his wife Ann and their family of ten children.¹³⁰

The daughter of Ann and James Williamson, Mary was born March 13, 1839, in Sanshire, England. Because of financial hardships, Mary was unable to attend school and began work in a factory at the age of eleven years. Here she learned to weave corduroy and velvet. Mary was the fifth child in a family that later numbered ten children.

During the time she worked in the factory, Mary's parents embraced the gospel, and her father came to Utah to prepare for the family. He sent for them as soon as possible.¹³¹

Mary was seventeen when she left England with her mother, four sisters, and two brothers on May 20. In Liverpool they joined a company of nine hundred and set sail on Sunday, May 25, on the ship Horizon. After being on the ocean five weeks, they landed at Boston

June 28, 1856. After they reached Iowa City, they had to wait for their handcarts to be made and thus were not able to start until late in the season for their home in the mountains of Utah. Men who knew better than to encourage them to leave at this late date still did so, and on July 28 they left on their perilous journey.¹³² Early on the trip many of the handcarts broke down and resulted in additional delay.¹³³ Men and women pulling loaded carts, and carrying little children and helping the aged and feeble, traveled on day after day in hunger and misery, motivated only by their strong will.

Mary sometimes carried her younger brother and helped pull the cart. When provisions became low, they were put on rations; these gradually became less and less, and the members of the company were then allowed only one spoonful of flour a day. This they used to thicken soups. They also scraped the hair from buffalo hides and sucked the hides for nourishment. The immigrants grew hungrier and weaker, unable at last to draw the loads in their carts. They were compelled to lighten their luggage by throwing away bedding and clothing that was needed later on when the weather grew colder.¹³⁴ Captain Martin went through the company and threw away the articles he thought they could do without, regardless of the personal value they held for their owners.

Mary's mother was bringing a few relics from her old home, among them a small metal lion which she especially prized. All these things were thrown away. However, Mary wanted to keep the prized lion, so in the stillness of the night she slipped out of bed and found it. She carried it the remainder of the journey concealed under her clothing both day and night.¹³⁵

Snow fell and bitter winds blew about the worn and weary travelers. Yet they dared not stop and chance an even worse fate. On October 28 their company was detained by the early snows. They had waded the cold waters of the river and set up their tents in a driving storm. They were so weak that they could hardly drive the tent pegs into the snowy, frozen ground. They had almost given up hope and had settled down to die amid their bleak surroundings when a relief company under the direction of Joseph A. Young, Daniel W. Jones, and Abel Garr arrived. The company consisted of four wagons loaded with provisions and clothing.¹³⁶

The fifth company in Edward Martin's handcart company has gone down in history as suffering greater tragedies than any other group of Saints to come to the West.¹³⁷ It was not until October 4 that Brigham Young heard there was still a train of handcarts out on the plains. Immediate help was sent with wagons of supplies for the

rescue of these weary and dying Saints. Brigham Young had no idea that Saints were still crossing; he thought everyone was in.¹³⁸ The rescue parties found this group huddled together in one of the worst blizzards of the year on Greasewood Creek in the Sweet-water country of Wyoming.¹³⁹ The trail behind them for miles and miles had become a burial ground for the dead, with only the snow to serve as a coverlet over the stiff, frozen bodies lying on ground that was frozen too hard for anyone to even dig a grave for them. Often-times someone awakened during the night to feel the cold, stiff, lifeless body of his or her spouse who had passed on. The first thing the rescue party did was help bury the dead the best they could. Then they began cutting off gangrenous flesh from the frozen hands and feet of those who were still alive. They then bandaged and dressed the wounds, giving the best first aid that was available.¹⁴⁰

The book Handcarts To Zion reports that out of the 576 souls who left Iowa in the Edward Martin handcart company, there were only a few over 400 who arrived in Salt Lake City, Utah, on November 30, many of whom were extremely ill and incapacitated.¹⁴¹ Only about 140 were able to take care of themselves. Even though there had been many deaths, all members of the Williamson family were alive when the company reached Utah. The family was met by their father, James Williamson, the day they arrived in Salt Lake City.¹⁴²

William Barton had heard of the hardships of this company who had sailed over from the old country as "Perpetual Emigration Fund Travelers." Because he was the kind of man who always went the extra mile to help anyone in need, he was soon on his way to meet them. William met the Williamson family at Cove Fort, Utah, and from there the group traveled on to Red Creek (a name often given to Paragonah, an Indian name, because of the red water that flowed in the creeks from the canyon). They arrived on December 15 without further trouble.

Then came 1857, a year that William, Esther, and Mary would never forget.

On February 17, 1857, William Barton was ordained a High Priest by the presiding High Priest, William H. Dame, who also set him apart as a second counselor to Bishop Talton Lewis of the Parowan second ward.¹⁴³ William's degree of responsibility in the Church was now increasing, as was the pressure from the Church authorities for him to take upon himself another wife in polygamy. Pressure was especially put on the men who were becoming financially able to care for more than one family. That all faithful Saints should live all of the command-

ments of the Lord was most important, however, and polygamy was one of the most important commandments at that time. The General Authorities at that time often chose for these men their plural wives, and George A. Smith, Brigham Young's first counselor, was putting pressure on William, telling him that eighteen-year-old Mary Williamson was the most capable girl around. A hard-working, good, faithful girl she was, having been born to a family in England whose father was too poor to send her to school. He was only able to eek out the bare necessities for his family of twelve. Mary took a liking to William the very first time she saw him at Cove Fort, and she, as a new convert, fully agreed with the revelation on polygamy. It was a chance for her to serve the Lord in the greatest capacity--to multiply and replenish the earth.

But Esther would have nothing to do with it. From early spring on into early summer she would not give in; she would not share her husband with another woman. She remembered her dear friend Emma Smith, their beloved Prophet's widow, and the many talks they often had, some concerning plygamy. She remembered how bitterly opposed Emma was to it.¹⁴⁴

Esther herself had never believed in polygamy, and she would not give her consent for William to enter such an abomination.¹⁴⁵

June came, hot and sticky, and waned on into an even hotter July. It seemed there would never by any relief from the heat. Then baby Daniel came down with a fever. Esther was worried. There were a number of babies who were very ill at that time. And some of them had died with an unknown illness. Esther was concerned that her baby too might be coming down with this killing disease. Day after day, baby Daniel became worse. William and Esther had done all in their power to relieve him; the elders had been called in and had done all they knew how to do. Daniel too was ill with that dreaded sickness. Even Margaret Cooper West, Esther's mother, who had been practicing medicine for many years, and who gave the best medical advice in the area, had also given up hope of saving the baby's life.¹⁴⁶

Esther had made up her mind. "I'll go to my father in heaven again. Only this time I will covenant with Him," she said to herself. "If He will save my baby, I will accept polygamy."¹⁴⁷ Baby Daniel at once began to improve and within a short while was on his way to complete recovery. Esther said, "The Lord spared my child, and I accepted polygamy."¹⁴⁸

Later when William and Esther were discussing the possibility of William's taking Mary as his second wife, Esther said, "There is only one request that I would like to ask of you, Will, and that is that you take Mary to the Salt Lake Endowment House as soon as you

can and marry her for time and eternity."¹⁴⁹

William and Mary were married August 28, 1857, for time, in a ceremony performed by George A. Smith, the same elder who performed William and Esther's marriage. A few months previous, George A. Smith had married Susan West, Esther's sister, in polygamy; she was his seventh wife.¹⁵⁰

As vehicles were hard to come by, Mary walked all the way from Paragonah to be married, a distance of four and one-half miles. In her hands she carried a new pair of shoes. She wanted them to be brand new for her wedding and saved them especially for the ceremony.¹⁵¹

During the summer and early fall of 1857, the Saints were again faced with more traumatic tests of their faith in the gospel. The United States government was sending troops under the command of Albert Sidney Johnston to take over the Mormons in Salt Lake Valley. Upon hearing this, Brigham Young, who was then the governor of the Territory of Deseret, proclaimed martial law throughout the entire territory and ordered the militia, which was known as the Nauvoo Legion and was under command of Daniel H. Wells, to establish headquarters at the "Narrows" in the mouth of Echo Canyon. At this same time all Saints who had made new settlements outside Utah were given orders to sell out and come home. William, along with all the other pioneers in southern Utah, were also put on alert.¹⁵² The Utah War was in the making, and the Mountain Meadows Massacre was imminent.¹⁵³ The Missouri Wild Cats, a company who were on their way out West to deliberately give the Mormons a bad time and to look for gold in California, met up with an emigrant company from Arkansas. The Arkansas group was composed of well-bred people who were also on their way to California to hunt for gold. It was a sad day indeed when they met and joined the Missouri Wild Cats, for through this they became involved in the bloodiest massacre to ever happen in the history of the Church.¹⁵⁴

The threat of the Missouri Wild Cats, which was to "kill every _____ Mormon in the country," reached Parowan by Indian messengers before the Cats and the Arkansas group arrived. This gave the Saints the opportunity to tightly lock the gates of the Fort and to be well prepared to meet this group who had poisoned some springs in Corn Creek (now Kanosh), causing the death of some Indians, an ox, and one white man. By the time this group reached Cedar City, Utah, plans were already under way as to how the Indians would annihilate this malicious group of killers.¹⁵⁵ Bishop Tarlton Lewis, who was one of the few survivors of the Haun's Mill Massacre, which took place on

October 30, 1838, was shot and left for dead near Far West, Missouri. He also saw his little brother shot and thrown down into a well with other victims who were left there to die.¹⁵⁶ Bishop Lewis did not want to take any more chances with these mobocrats, especially since they had been bragging that they were part of the mob that had murdered their Prophet Joseph and his brother Hyrum.¹⁵⁷ Bishop Lewis was in favor of the massacre, but William Barton strongly opposed him, stating that they would be going against all teachings of the gospel if they were to go ahead. He felt that the group of mobocrats should be allowed to continue on their way unharmed. So deeply did the two men get involved in their differences of opinion that they made bodily threats to each other. As a result, William left the bishopric.¹⁵⁸

Joseph, William's brother, became so wrought up with the Missouri Wild Cats and their doings that he too was determined to help with the massacre. Grandma Sally Penn became very anxious over this and immediately sent a messenger to Parowan to tell William to come at once, that she desperately needed his help. When William arrived at his mother's home in Paragonah, she asked William to talk to Joe and make him see how wrong he was. After talking awhile with William, Joseph was still determined to leave for Cedar City where those involved with the massacre were meeting. William could see that he would have to force Joseph to see the mistake he would make, so he threw him down on the floor (Joseph was then twenty-five and William was thirty-six) and held him there until Joseph began to see the situation more reasonably.¹⁵⁹ Joseph then promised his mother and William that he would not go to Cedar City to help in the massacre. There was not one Barton involved with the actual massacre at Mountain Meadows.¹⁶⁰

Twenty years later, the Barton family was, however, very much involved with the trial of John D. Lee concerning the Mountain Meadows Massacre. William J. Stokes, a son-in-law of William and Esther and the husband of Esther Jane, was the United States Marshal who was forced to bring Lee from Panguitch, Utah, to the jail at Fort Cameron in Beaver Canyon while awaiting trial. Both John and Steve Barton, both six feet tall and sons of William and Esther, acted as guards over John D. Lee at this time. Steve Barton was only fifteen years old and was called to act on the jury, but he suffered a broken leg at that same time and was not able to serve on it.¹⁶¹

John D. Lee was found guilty on August 5, 1875. Between the date of his conviction and execution, two identical petitions addressed to Governor G. W. Emery, asking that the death penalty be stayed, were circulated in Southern Utah. One was drawn up in

Beaver by William, his family, and others and circulated there; the other petition was circulated in Panguitch, Utah. The petitions stated that the "crime had been committed nearly twenty years ago Lee is now an old man--past sixty-four years of age and in poor health. . . . he is but one of many who is guilty, etc. . . ." But the petitions were in vain. On March 23, 1877, Mr. Lee was taken to the scene of the massacre at Mountain Meadows and executed there.¹⁶² When this happened, the Barton family, who had enjoyed close association for many years with Lee in Nauvoo, in Parowan, in the Virgin, and in business, in sickness, and in health, who had cried and laughed with him and knew him to be a true and faithful servant of God, cooled off toward the Church and its leaders.¹⁶³ John D. Lee's body was transported by his family to Panguitch, Utah, and buried in the family plot.¹⁶⁴

The stay in Parowan had been a happy one for Esther, since her parents and brothers and sisters had moved there from Iowa in the fall of 1851. How good it was to have her mother near, especially in times of illness, and her father was such a kind, considerate man. And, too, she was able to help and care for them. Sally Penn and her family, who had arrived in 1852 were so good to have around. They all had many parties and dances where they could enjoy the company of each other. In his diary, Samuel West has written: "Jan. 1, 1858. Coldest day we've had this winter. William Barton and our Esther and their family joined ours and together we made a dinner, and we invited some twenty or more to join us."¹⁶⁵

But now President Brigham Young had issued new orders for William. He, along with Tarlton Lewis, Issac Grundy, and Jesse N. Smith, had been exploring Beaver Valley under order of Brigham Young and had discovered a lead mine in the mineral range west of Beaver. In the fall of 1858 these men were ordered to take a larger group of men and open up the mine. They were also instructed to locate a settlement near by, which they named Minersville, after the mine. The town was laid out and named in 1859, the same year that a mining company was organized with William Barton being named as one of the directors.¹⁶⁶ He moved his family--Esther and children and Mary--to Minersville in the early spring of 1860. Esther was again heavy with child. The weather was very cold, especially on the mountain passes, where the elevation was close to 6,200 feet. It was so cold, in fact, that one of William's friends, who had gone there to locate a team of oxen, froze to death on the mountain. Pioneers, from experience, had learned how to travel in rough weather and usually knew how to take care of themselves in difficult circumstances.¹⁶⁷

The trip from Parowan to Minersville took two days, and the usual stopping place at night was Kane Springs. A good-sized area of very fine water, located near the ridge, Kane Springs was used by all who frequented the trail, as was indicated by the fire scars and refuse left there. These springs were also used by the Indians who camped nearby in large groups.

Because Indians often meant trouble for the white men, the pioneers usually drove about one mile further to Willow Springs to make camp; and even though it was a smaller spring, the water was good and there was less chance of their running into a band of belligerent Indians. William built a brush corral for the smaller children so that they would not be able to wander off and get lost and perhaps be stolen by the Indians. The children also needed protection from rattlesnakes that inhabited the area. Daniel, who was six years old at the time, later remembered that John, who was born in Parowan on June 17, 1858, and who was only nineteen months old at this particular time, kept crawling on his hands and knees inside the enclosure, trying to find a way to get out and crying all the while.¹⁶⁸

After arriving on the banks of the Beaver River where the cottonwoods grew wild and where William set up a temporary camp, William set to work building the first log cabin erected in Minersville. It was located where Tom Lefevre now has his home. The log cabin had one room with a dirt floor, a roof, one door, and one window. It was here that Steven Rollins Barton, William and Esther's sixth child, was born July 11, 1860. He was the third boy born in that town.¹⁶⁹

The Minersville mining venture was undertaken for the purpose of making bullets for uses of protection during the Utah War and for protection against the Indians. Upon opening the mine, William and the others found there was an immediate need for a smelter. William, an excellent millwright, and Isaac Grundy, an experienced smelter man, started constructing a smelter with the assistance of several other men. The lumber was hauled by ox team from Parowan. Isaac Grundy built the furnace mostly from granite. William planned the flume, penstock, flutter wheel (water wheel), and fan, which was boxed in a manner similar to a farmer's fanning mill. The flume had an overflow and the amount of water for the wheel was controlled by a slide gate. They had no belts or pulleys to speed the fan, but a large crown wheel on the flutter wheel's wooden shaft served the purpose. The flutter wheel was mortised and put together with pins made of scrub oak. The bars of boullion were cast about a foot long.

Dry juniper wood was used for fuel. This reduction furnace was the first lead furnace west of the Rocky Mountains.¹⁷⁰

Getting the ore out and smelting it in a small furnace was very hard work, yet the men made several tons of boullion that was sent to Salt Lake City, where it was molded into bullets.¹⁷¹ The boullion was also traded for groceries in that city; these were then brought back to the Saints in Minersville.¹⁷² However, it wasn't long until the men discovered that the rifles in their guns were filling up; and upon assaying the lead, they found that they were making almost pure silver bullets. Hence, the bullet-making venture, out of necessity, was terminated.¹⁷³

In the spring of 1861, the Barton Grundy Smelter was lost to flood waters. This occurrence was very dismaying to many of the settlers there, and several of them moved elsewhere. William, with both of his families, moved to Beaver.¹⁷⁴

While William was in Minersville, he raised several acres of grain in the summer of 1860. He had very crude tools, a brush harrow, and probably flooded the ground. The grain was cut with a scythe, tied by hand in bundles, and then hauled to Parowan where it was milled. It produced fifty bushel to the acre.¹⁷⁵

When William left Minersville, his brother-in-law, John Henry Rollins, who had married Esther's sister Nancy Melinda West, bought the cabin William had built and the lot on which it stood.¹⁷⁶

In the fall of that same year, William went to work in the Stewart and Thompson sawmill in Beaver Canyon. In 1861, William ran the White and Hyatt gristmill. In 1865, William, along with Sam White, built a gristmill of their own up Beaver Canyon. Because of extremely cold winters that kept the water frozen most of the winter, the mill, too much of the time, was idle.

William built a split-log house on 300 East and 300 North in Beaver, where both Esther and Mary lived for awhile. Later, William built another home near the mill, and Mary moved into it. It was in this home that Mary gave birth to her first child on January 3, 1862. They named her Mary Ann. That same year, on the sixth of June, 1862, another girl was born to Esther. She was named Sarah Estella. By the time William finished building his own mill, Esther had given birth to twin boys, Phillip Jackson and Stonewall Jackson, on January 18, 1864. Stonewall died at birth. Mary had given birth to Rachel on June 23, 1863, and Amanda on July 9, 1865. On August 16, 1865, Rachel, then two years and two months, was bitten by a rattlesnake while she was outside playing, and died from the poison.¹⁷⁷ William was a very kind-hearted man who loved his children deeply, and he

sorrowed over the death of his little Rachel.¹⁷⁸ Times were extremely difficult for the Barton family that year. Mary did not have a pair of shoes even, and had to attend her baby's funeral in her bare feet, holding her three-week old baby in her arms.¹⁷⁹

William was a very talented man. He was a good carpenter, a mason, a miller, a violinist, a farmer, a stockman, and a brewer. He also served as a dentist for anyone who needed a tooth pulled. There was an Indian who lived in Beaver at that time who was chief over the Beaver Tribe.¹⁸⁰ His name was Beaver Adz. His squaw had been suffering from a toothache for quite some time. Finally it became so painful that she decided to have William pull it out for her. Chief Beaver Adz took her to William and sat her down in "the dentist's chair." William had quite a time calming her; but after she drank a little whiskey he gave her, she finally settled down enough for him to try to get the turn key on the bad tooth. But the squaw kept twisting and turning her head, making it very difficult for William to firmly secure the instrument. When William thought he finally had the key on the tooth good and tight, he gave a hard jerk. But the tooth was a stubborn one and too deeply embedded to come out with one twist. The darned turn key slipped off, and Beaver Adz's squaw jumped out of the chair with a loud scream, holding onto the side of her face. Out the door she ran, yelling all the way up the street with Beaver Adz at her heels. She never returned to William's house.¹⁸¹

In spite of his busy schedule and the time he spent caring for his two families, William still found time to take part in civic affairs. He acted as a Beaver County Select-Man from 1860-1864.¹⁸²

During his milling years in Beaver, William had been looking for a more favorable site, warmer if possible, where the mill could be kept running through the winter. His first thought was to get out of that cold canyon and go down into the valley west of where his mill then stood. Some seven or eight miles southwest he found the place where two streams came together. The gravel bench or delta built up between them came to an abrupt end about a quarter of a mile east of their confluence. The edge of the gravel dike would be ideal for the location of the mill, with the water-wheel placed so that the water could get away rapidly. To the delight of all concerned, the water of the smaller creek, later named Devil Creek, was found to be warm; and, because of warm springs along its course, the temperature remained fairly constant winter and summer.¹⁸³

In 1867, because the Indians had become so mean at Fort Cameron where Mary lived, William decided it would be wise to move her and their small children to Bartonville, where he was relocating the mill.¹⁸⁴

Mary's cabin in the canyon was not in very good shape, and Esther had a good home in Beaver, so it would be wiser for Esther to continue living in her home in Beaver, at least for the time being. He would build Mary a better place than she had been living in.¹⁸⁵

William built a log room on a nice, level spot about 600 feet east of the extreme western end of the gravel dike and in the center of the delta, between Devil Creek and the Beaver. This cabin was located on what was later known as the Davidson place. William and Esther received the patent for this land in 1876. Mary, with her three children, Mary Ann, 5, Amanda, nearly 2, and the baby, Louis, born May 27, 1867, were moved into this one-roomed log cabin in 1867. The mill was also moved down but not set up until 1868. Besides all of this, William had a mill-site to select, more than a mile of ditch to dig, a wooden mill-race to construct, and timbers to prepare and haul for all of these things. If any nails were to be used, they would have to be made by hand, and would be square.¹⁸⁵

Although the edge of the delta ran somewhat northwest to southeast, the cut was made so that the back, or wheel-side faced almost south. This left the wheel, which was on the southeast corner, conveniently exposed to the sluice or mill-race which approached diagonally from the northeast. The north cut of the mill extended into the gravel some ten to fourteen feet. The workmen had carved out an excavation with beautiful perpendicular walls. A spring of clear water came out of its bank and was used by the Bartons for culinary purposes. In 1868 the mill was raised again.¹⁸⁶

Apparently very few nails were used, except on the outside boards. The large beams of the frame-work were secured by long, wooden pins. Jack and Steve Barton have stated that, in spite of the crude tools used for all of this work, when the timbers were put together, the long, wooden pins fell into the holes made for them with no trouble whatever, fitting snugly. Such a thing would be unusual, even today, with our precision tools. A great deal of this, however, was the result of the extreme care with which the site was prepared and speaks well for the mechanical ability of our ancestor, William Barton, and his associates.

Stone burrs were used at that time for grinding and until rollers came into use in the 1880s. These burrs were shipped, probably from France, and then hauled across the plains in wagons. They could be easily broken and, therefore, had to be packed carefully and seated securely and made level when installed for use. Speeding up the mill excessively was very dangerous, because of that characteristic. All working parts, the wheel, the burrs,

the penstock, and so on, had to be secured with great care. All had to be solid. Both Steve and Jack Barton have said that at one time Will Blackner speeded up the mill and cracked one of the burrs. Because of the great expense, these burrs, in most cases, had to be purchased by the community.¹⁸⁷

Before the millsite was decided upon, the source of the water was determined. There was not enough water in Devil Creek to keep the mill operating, especially in the summer, so some had to be taken from the Beaver River. The delta, which was a little above the confluence of the two streams, was fifty or sixty feet high and gradually disappeared at a point one and one-fourth miles east of this point. At this location it was easy to force the two streams together. In those days, again because of lack of equipment, pioneer people usually built their ditches in line with contours of the land in order to avoid difficult excavations. Only a small diversion dam was necessary for bringing the water of the Beaver over into the south contour of the delta. About seven-tenths of a mile below the diversion dam, the ditch came to a point about 200 feet from Devil Creek. By digging a diagonal ditch and damming up this little, warm stream, enough water could be forced into the Beaver ditch to raise the temperature of the water and make it possible to run the mill during the winter. From this point the canal meandered along the top of the delta, carrying an adequate supply of warm water to a point about 150 feet west of Mary's cabin. From this point a wooden sluice was constructed with only slight fall, until it reached a point immediately above the mill-wheel. Here it was far enough above the wheel that the volume and speed of the water would provide power enough for a satisfactory mill operation.

Steve and Jack Barton said that William built straw pillars to attach to the penstock in order to protect it from an under-cut caused from the waterfall. They also mentioned a fan. The penstock, the sluice-flume, and the mill-race required constant repair and watching. There is still a deep cut from the north bank of the mill-race about 200 yards east of Mary's cabin site where the water could be turned out if the ditch was too full. When there was not sufficient water, the ditch-rider had to go to the dam on Devil Creek and the Beaver and turn more in.¹⁸⁸

The gravel delta, at the point where the mill was finally located, was not over 360 feet across from north to south. On the north side, the Beaver River had cut a channel, which, on its south bank, was quite steep and twenty-five or thirty feet deep. The north bank had a more gentle slope, but the river had long ago abandoned it and hugged

the south bank. On the south side of this delta, Devil Creek had, many years previously, occupied a channel close to its edge, but now the little stream meandered along a channel cut in clay and alkali fill, some 150 yards to the south. The old channel was occupied by an intermittent slough, partly fed by flood waters from the creek and partly by seepage from the delta itself.

When irrigation commenced on the bench, this seepage was constant.

On a fairly flat spot, on the southwest edge of the delta some 360 feet southeast of the delta point, the site for the mill was determined. It took great effort to make this large excavation in the hard, packed gravel. Because of the limestone that was in this gravel, William and his helpers probably struck many pockets where the gravel was cemented together into a hard, resistant conglomerate. No one can appreciate the time and effort necessary to dig such an excavation with crude tools, except those who have experienced it. It was a marvel that both the mill and the sight were ready for the reconstruction of the mill by 1868.¹⁸⁹

On July 23 of that same year, in Beaver, William and Esther's youngest child, Hugh Jones, was born.¹⁹⁰

The farmers in both Milford and Beaver valleys were joyous upon the completion of the Barton mill; and by fall, it was gristing to full capacity. Amy, William and Mary's daughter, often remembered when the mill was in its heyday. She said her father was an excellent miller and men came from all of the surrounding towns to have him grind their wheat into flour. She also remembered Frank Petty and others coming as far away as Rockville and St. George in Dixie to her father's mill. Her father and mother were always hospitable and kind to them.¹⁹¹

William was paid toll grain for grinding his grist, and often his share went to help some poor and needy family. Sometimes he felt that the amount of grain brought in wasn't distributed very evenly, for some farmers had plenty and others such a poor little bit to feed their families. Amy said that sometimes her father would try to even things up a little more by taking a bit from the prosperous farmer and adding it to the sacks of the less fortunate.¹⁹²

During the mill's operation in Bartonville, it became the sight for many dances and parties. When the Barton brothers and their two sisters got together with their parents, William and Esther, they put on a program that could not be outdone. William was a left-handed fiddler and could play "Bonaparte's Retreat" in a delightful manner.¹⁹³ He was the life of the party. Alma also played the fiddle, Dan the banjo, and Steve the guitar. Estella played both the organ and the

guitar. Hugh sang a warm, full bariton, Steve bass, Estella alto, and Esther and daughter Esther Jane sang soprano. Jack put the finishing touch on when he added his clear, beautiful tenor. Out of this group the Barton Quartet was formed and traveled upon request to the nearby towns, singing for many varied occasions.¹⁹⁴ At parties held in Greenville, Adamsville, Beaver, and other towns nearby, and at family get-togethers, Dan and John, who were both very good story-tellers, kept their audiences in stitches with their comical antics.¹⁹⁵ Also attending those parties and dances were Julia, Amanda, Amy, and Mary Ann. These girls were excellent dancers, and were always among the first to be chosen to go out on the floor to join in a quadrille. Julia continued to dance until she was near or in her eighties; everyone enjoyed her company at a party and a dance.¹⁹⁶ Dan was considered one of the best square dance callers in the country, and he also danced a good deal. Estella was well known all over for her appealing alto voice; and whenever she went to Salt Lake City, she sang in the LDS Tabernacle Choir. Evan Stevens, who was then the director, kept a special chair reserved for her in the alto section.¹⁹⁷

Besides being very musically talented, all of the children were riders, including the girls. They knew how to handle and care for, rein, and sit a horse. Dan, John, and Steve were particularly good teamsters.¹⁹⁸ Jack, who was an excellent jockey, rode in many of the big horse races. When it came to roping cattle he could not be beat.¹⁹⁹

When the business at the mill built up to such an extent that there was excess grain on hand, William began thinking about going into the brewing business in order to use up a lot of the extra grain. He discussed his plans with the United States Revenue Service, and they agreed with him that this was a good opportunity.¹⁹⁹ The soldiers at Fort Cameron would prove to be a ready cash market for William's whiskey. Immediately William began another excavation about one rod west of the grist mill. He cut back into the hill; built a room into the cut about ten by twelve feet, out of rock; put a dirt roof on it and left the front of it, which faced south, open.²⁰⁰ In this room was a big copper boiler, a copper worm (coil), the copper vat, and two big wooden barrels. William then secured a distiller's license from the Revenue Service, and he was in business.

William ground the barley in the mill and then fermented it in the vat or boiler. He then ran it through the worm into the barrels, where it was left to ripen. Julia said, "When Pa thought it was about ripe, he would put his arm into the barrel up to his elbow,

draw it out, and light a match to his wet arm. If the alcohol ignited, it was time to bottle the brew. Ma would brown dried peaches in a frying pan, using just enough water to keep them from scorching. When they were tender, the liquid was strained off, and Pa used it to color the alcohol that he sold as brandy." William had learned the brewery business while he was in Nauvoo.²⁰¹ The children loved to go to the distillery, especially in the summer time, because it was so nice and cool there. Eula Barton Jacobson said when she was a little girl, while playing at the mill, she would often sip the whiskey that flowed over from the barrels onto the lids. She wondered why, when she started back home, that she felt so dizzy and could not walk straight.²⁰²

The water from the spring was ideal for the brewery business, as well as for the milling business. William's customers were men who brought their wheat and oats and barley to the mill to be chopped or else ground into flour. Julia also said, "To my knowledge, Pa never drank any of his own brew. Once in a while, when he went to Beaver, he and Sam Fennemore would get on a little toot. When the family moved to Paragonah, Pa and his brother Joe drank a little 'Dixie' wine occasionally, when the Dixie peddlers brought it up to trade for other goods. But after Uncle Joe died, Pa drank no more."²⁰³

For about fifteen years the milling and brewing business did very well. There was plenty for both families. And Esther's vegetable garden, which included celery planted at the bottom of the hill north of the homestead, flourished. On the brow of this same hill, the luscious bull berries grew wild. Your author remembers gathering these berries that her mother made into the most delicious jelly she has ever tasted. In among the bull berry bushes, a vicious stinging nettle grew that left many a burning welt on the children who unknowingly got too near them. The Barton Homestead was also covered with a fairly dense growth of wild grass that Esther could see would make good feed for a herd of dairy cows.

Because the soldiers at Fort Cameron would serve as an excellent marketing outlet for butter, cheese, milk, and cream, and because other businesses in the area would probably be interested, Esther decided to take advantage of this excellent opportunity to make some much-needed money for her family.²⁰⁴ So, from the summer of 1871 to the summer of 1874, Esther, with her older boys, operated a dairy in Bartonville. Alma, who was twenty-three when this project started, was put in charge of the younger boys. Besides milking the cows, they had to herd them away from the crops; at that time, there were no fences. In 1875, the boys also cleared land on the Bench.

Alma was a member of the militia for several years, and he had received some military training. As a result, he was rather harsh with his younger brothers. They were glad when their mother moved to Bartonville so that she could oversee the operation.²⁰⁵ Since it was difficult for grandma to take care of her younger children and supervise her older boys from a distance of six miles, she, with her whole family, moved to Bartonville in 1877. Until William and Mary sold out and left Greenville in 1891, Esther occupied a log room and a lean-to kitchen on the south side of the mill-race, about half-way between Mary's home and a log house lived in by her son, Alma, and his wife, Mariah. Sometime in 1874, William's distilling license was due for renewal. At that time, there was a small batch of mash left that William didn't want to see go to waste, so he went ahead and processed it. But this caused him to run over the expiration period by one day. William didn't think that this would cause any trouble, but there was a "sly old watch dog" who knew about it, and he turned William into the Revenue Service. This sly old dog had been envious of William's success for several years and had been looking for just such an opportunity to put him out of business.²⁰⁶ No arrest was made, nor was a trial held. A Revenue collector from Salt Lake City notified William that he would have to pay a \$2,000 fine. William sold enough cattle and land to take care of the obligation and settled out of court. All of the distilling machinery was dismantled, and the still was closed.²⁰⁷

Some members of the Barton family have often wondered why William went into the business of brewing whiskey when it was against the Word of Wisdom of the LDS Church, of which he was a member, to partake of any beverages that contained alcohol. It is well to remember that in those days there was no other medicine available to help relieve pain during surgery. Alcohol was also needed for many other medicinal purposes. William's brewery was a legal operation. The whiskey he brewed saved many lives and was also available for other emergencies. A good example of whiskey being used for the proper purpose occurred when Dan, William and Esther's son, was forced to have his two middle fingers on his left hand amputated. Dan was working with some cattle one day and had taken a dally around his saddle horn with his lasso rope when his two fingers became entangled in it. He was unable to free them, and they were dislocated. Because the circulation of blood had been cut off to those fingers, they became gangrenous. Doctor Joe and Doctor Don McGregor were then forced to remove them at

the joint next to the hand. The only way Dan was able to get through that trauma was by drinking the whiskey that the doctors ordered him to drink. Dan's youngest child, Nell, who was about ten years old at the time, was watching the whole procedure through the key-hole in the door between the living room and the kitchen, where the doctors were operating. They had a difficult time keeping Dan from passing out. His face, ashen white, was dripping with large beads of sweat. His wife, Nell, was extremely worried and paced the floor, crying. Then little Nell all of a sudden whirled around to her mother and said, "Pa's alright now, Ma. He's drinking whiskey and swearing!"²⁰⁸ Whiskey also served as an excellent bacteriostat because of its high alcohol content.

Because of the mill episode, which took almost all of Esther's and Mary's livestock, Esther's dairy business was temporarily put out of business. But it wasn't long until she and her sons bought more cows and were able to operate again. Jack Barton said that he and his brother Hugh and his mother would get up at 4:30 a.m. to milk a herd of sixty cows by hand. Each one of them milked twenty cows. He said his mother had a knack at milking cows that liked to kick. She put her head in their right flank and kept it there, good and tight, all during the milking process. And seldom did any of the cows kick her.²⁰⁹

The mill continued to operate in the flour and feed business, and babies kept coming to William and Mary. Sophronia was born January 29, 1871, and Lydia on February 16, 1873. But the mortality rate of babies was very high, and William and Mary lost both Louis and Rebecca while Mary and her children were visiting in Paragonah with her mother in August of 1870. The babies died from *colleri marbus*, a serious illness brought on by eating green apples.²¹⁰

On the second of March, 1875, Julia King was born to William and Mary, and on September 22, 1877, Amy Elizabeth joined them. Charles Hampton, William and Mary's only son to live to maturity, was born April 14, 1880. Mary now had six living children.

Several times a year, William and his family visited his mother in Paragonah, and his brothers brought their mother to Bartonville once or twice to visit in return. She was getting too old and blind to leave familiar surroundings, then however, so she spent her time living at turns with her sons and their wives in Paragonah.²¹¹ She was obliged to walk with a cane. Later, her eyes failed her completely. On one occasion she was living with her son Stephen when a big steer he was fattening for beef got out of the corral. Sally was out in the door yard when the steer spied her and charged. She did her best to

fight him off with her cane, but he continued to blow and snort over her and bunt her around. She was a slight woman, weighing about 125 pounds and being five feet and six inches tall, she was no match for her opponent. In her haste to get inside the house, she fell over backwards in the door and was helpless until the women folks inside heard the commotion and came to her rescue.

Even in her blindness, her hands were never idle. She kept on with her knitting, thus helping out with the clothing needs of her loved ones. She died at the age of 82 at the home of her son Joseph on the eleventh of May, 1882, in Paragonah. Her body was taken to Parowan for burial because Paragonah had no cemetery at that time.²¹²

In 1881, Esther Jane, with her husband Will Stokes and family, moved to Albion, Idaho, where they lived until 1922. At this time they moved to Long Beach, California.

By 1883, four of William and Esther's sons had married and had taken up homesteads of their own. Dan built his home across the lane to the north and a little east of Alma's. Steve built his home about thirty rods east of Dan's home on the same side of the lane. John built his house almost directly across the lane north from his mother's log house. In the gravel near where Alma, John, and Jack lived, one could, for years, see the scars marking where their potato cellars stood. The roofs of these root cellars were made of cedar posts and covered with dirt. These cellars kept potatoes and carrots in good condition throughout the cold winters.²¹³

Practically all of the farmers ran sheep south of town in the foothills. After the sheep moved on, the Barton children gathered the wool they found clinging to the sagebrush. This, together with the fleece sheared from Mary's and Esther's sheep, was corded, spun into yarn, and then woven into cloth. Both Mary and Esther dyed some of the wool black, and this they used to knit the family's socks. The wool for clothing would be worn before it was dyed.²¹⁴ William tanned deer hides, out of which he made shoelaces for their shoes that they kept well greased with tallow. Both Mary and Esther knitted and sold woolen socks to the soldiers at the Fort in Beaver canyon.²¹⁵

In the fall, after the wheat had been harvested, the girls would go out into the fields and glean enough straw to make their next summer's hats. The straw was gathered in their aprons and taken home where they broke off the heads to feed them to the chickens. They then tied the straw in small bundles and hung them to dry until the next spring. After Mary had enough braided--four straws to a braid--she bleached them in sulphur water and then

sewed them into broad-brimmed hats that she trimmed with bright bands and ribbons of gingham.²¹⁶

Daphne Barton Smith tells of watching her auntie, Alma's wife, braid hats in the same manner. Sometimes she would make Daphne a cute little sailor hat out of real white straw. She also made her boys straw hats that they wore for special occasions, such as the fourth of July.²¹⁷

Esther and Mary each raised a big flock of tame geese every year, and it was the children's job to herd them out of the hay. Therefore, they herded them over on Devil Creek, as far away from the timothy as they could keep them. While they watched the geese, the girls took carpet rags, which they had carried in their aprons, and sewed them together to be used later in making carpets. Twice a year, the geese were plucked of their feathers. Esther and Mary would sit outside in old chairs, put the goose's head under an arm, and strip off the feathers. It took a good day to feather twenty-five geese. Even though Esther and Mary wore heavy sleeves while doing this, the geese were still able to make ugly bites on the under-arm, and these became very sore.²¹⁸ The goose feathers were used to make pillows and ticks, and those that were left over were sold. On special occasions, the Bartons had baked goose for dinner. The goose was boiled for awhile in a big iron kettle that hung in the fireplace; then it was stuffed and baked in the oven in two heavy iron bread pans.²¹⁹

The Barton's Christmas gifts were home-made dolls for the girls²²⁰ and a ball or some other home-made toy for the boys.²²¹ Raisins were put in their cookies which were a delicacy. They had molasses candy, fried twister cakes (crullers), pinenuts, and an apple in their stockings. There was always a big Christmas party at the church and a festive tree.²²² And Santa Claus came. The Christmas dinner was always goose with the "trimmings," steamed pudding, or dog in the blanket as it was sometimes called.²²³ and pumpkin pie.²²⁴

About Esther, Julia said: "Aunt Esther, Pa's first wife, was a very good looking woman with beautiful hair. I can still remember a beautiful black silk dress, trimmed with beads and ribbons, that she brought with her from Illinois. She was a great reader. My mother was thrifty, plain, and an emaculate, hardworking housekeeper. We girls would herd Aunt Esther's geese also, keeping them out of the tall timothy. We would sit in the shade under the tall rabbit brush to keep out of the hot sun. That is where we sewed the carpet rags. The last year that we watched her geese, some of the goslings wandered into the slough below the mill-race and drowned. She told Pa, and he

would not let us keep the beautiful red plaid gingham she had promised us in payment. We were very disappointed and shed many tears." Grandpa was very strict with all of his children. They always had to ask his permission in everything they wanted to do. If he said, "I reckon," they could go ahead. If he didn't say anything, that meant "No."²²⁵

Every fall, the citizens of Greenville and the Barton families got together to put on a wood dance. The men harnessed up their teams, hooked them to the wagons complete with wood racks, and, with their boys, left early for the south hills, where each family gathered a full load of cedar and pine wood for all of the widows and the sick and the poor, as well as for use in the church. The wood was burned in the heaters and provided warmth during the winter. The Relief Society women prepared a big dinner for all of the wood haulers, and that evening, when the wood was in, all of the people joined together to enjoy a good time. William and Alma played their violins, and Steve and Estella played their guitars. The calling for the dances was often done by Dan, and what a great time everyone had.²²⁶

The art of being charitable was one of William's crowning qualities; he practiced what he preached concerning being "your brother's keeper." The Bartons have always been some of the largest donators to a worthy cause; thus William's practice has been carried on. Some still practice this tradition. The Bartons also took it upon themselves to help the widows by keeping them in meat and other foods, and they also hauled wood for them on an individual basis.²²⁷

Daphne Barton Smith many times told the story of the first time she could remember seeing her grandfather William and how much she loved him and her grandmother Esther.

It was in the fall of the year. I found myself in a group of youngsters about my age. We stood just under the brow of the hill north of Grandfather's house. And a tall man--not one of the group--stood in the center pointing as he counted, "Eeny, meny, miney, mo, catch a niggee by the toe. When he hollers, let him go." The speaker stopped, his finger pointing at me. Little as I was, I knew the power of "miney mo."

He said, "You have to ask Grandpa for the plums." I arose obediently, climbed over the brow of the hill, crossed the road and bridge over the mill-race into Grandpa's yard. He and Aunt Mary were there. I asked him for the plums. He walked over to the tree and began picking plums with his left hand and placing each plum, as he picked it, into his

large right hand. When he had it full as it would hold, he said, "Hold your apron." I held up my pinafore; he poured them in and I started away.

He said, "Wait," and began picking more plums. Then I looked at him, so very, very tall--almost as tall as the tree. His beautiful white hair combed back from his forehead and a beard, long, and as white as snow. I didn't notice that day, but I know now his eyes were black as night. They looked at me so kindly as he put the other plums in my apron. How I loved him. He gave me a little pat on my head as I left him. What became of the plums or where I went from there I don't remember, but the picture is as clear in my head as the day I saw him. And from that day on, I was very much in love with Grandpa.

As for my Grandma, she seemed always to have been there. Her place was such a good place to play, and there was always something good to eat when we had grown tired of playing. Churning day was so much fun. Up and down would go the dasher in the big churn and I would watch closely, hoping it would run over today. Sure enough, after a while, the thick white cream would crowd up onto the lid and threaten to tip off. "Plague take it," she would say. "I was afraid I had it too full. Go tell Aunt Tellie to give you the glass dishes and some spoons. Bring a big spoon too." She would remove the lid and dip out dish after dish full until we were all served and then go on again, up and down, up and down, until the butter came. Now I think she put too much cream in the churn purposely so she could give us some.

Another day, maybe it would be a dish of good rice pudding or maybe just good salt-rising bread and butter with molasses. I think she put a little extra butter on my piece and spread it real smooth so the molasses wouldn't soak through. She knew I couldn't eat the bread when it was soaked with molasses.

Dear, kind, self-effacing Grandma. Kind to us all, but with all sharp betimes if she saw us doing wrong, which didn't in the least lessen our love for her. . . . She made us so happy in her house. I remember the lovely counterpanes (as she called them) we would sometimes see on her bed; the tall clock on the chest of drawers which stood between the beds in the north end of the room; the large, beautiful Bible she let us look at if we would be careful when we turned the pages and not take it off the table. The beautiful blue willow ware

dishes in her cupboard all spoke of a better day. And now I realize how it must have been more than she could bear to leave her good home in Beaver. I saw the house recently while visiting there still being lived in after seventy-five years.²²⁸

Eula Barton Jacobson, the only daughter of Hugh Jones and his wife, Agnes, and her brother Sam always stayed with Esther when their parents went to parties or dances. "Grandma was so good to be with," Eula said. "She would let us play any kind of games we wanted to, like 'Trip Up and Be Gone,' or marbles. Lots of times she'd tell me I was as cute as a bug's ear. And when I got tired and sleepy, I always ended the evening by getting on a bawling spree. Then grandma would hold me on her knee, teetering me back and forth, and croon over and over in her sweet, gentle southern accent, 'They'll be back directly, they'll be back directly.' I remember that she would sit by the kitchen table reading by the light of a candle that she had molded out of tallow or by the light of a kerosene lamp, and from there she watched us play."²²⁹

Esther could also get tough when she needed to. She and her sons Jack and Steve had equal interest in a pedigreed bull that they used in their cow herd for breeding service. Steve had taken him to his place when he was not in use, and had chained him to a heavy log so he couldn't get away. Somehow, the big animal got tangled up in the chain and broke his leg. Grandma was extremely upset over what she thought was nothing but carelessness in how Steve had neglected the bull, and she was quick to reprimand him for it. Because of the bad break, the bull died.²³⁰

Greenville lay across the Beaver River to the north from Bartonville, and this is where the Barton children attended school and where the children and their parents attended church.²³¹ These organizations furnished a goodly share of the town's entertainment. They also staged one or two plays during the year. The Masquerade Ball was a special attraction and was always well represented by out-of-town folk. The music for these dances was almost always furnished by Alma Barton, who played the violin, and his sister Estella, who played the guitar.²³²

During the 1860s there were several Indian raids in the Greenville area, made by the Utes and Navajos. These raids ended with the Indians driving off the settlers' livestock. The Navajos were cunning and crafty thieves, having different methods to deceive the settlers. One night when William returned home from the mill,

where he had been gristing, he discovered that some Indians had driven off his horses. He put his young son Dan on another horse and sent him to get these horses. When Esther found out that their son Dan had gone after these stolen horses, she was very upset and gave William a good going over. When he tried to explain the situation to her, Esther sharply replied, "Will, you haven't got as much sense as a last year's bird nest!" We don't know the rest of the details, but Dan did return in safety. Whether or not with the horses, we don't know.²³³ A band of Indians also drove off some of Mary's horses in Bartonville in the 1870s.²³⁴

The Beaver tribe of Indians was more peaceful. They camped near the Fort in Beaver Canyon. Jack Barton often told of how they lived close to the Indians when he was a little boy, and he liked most of them.²³⁵

In 1884 or 1885, the mills changed from burrs to rollers, and several newer mills were constructed in the surrounding area. Then the burrs in William's mill cracked and he had to close it down.²³⁶

Chapter 3: The Last Years

Even though William was forced to close the operation of his grain business, he still kept himself very active. He had land to farm and land to clear and break up. He also had livestock that needed care. And, of course, it was a big job for him to keep his two families happy. Though he had much to do, William still missed working with the grain and flour. And he was lonely when the mill became still. He missed the singing water as it ran down the mill-race. He missed the slow rhythmic turning of the grinding wheels as they hummed under the power of the rushing water. He missed having the children gather around him while they held the seamless sacks under the elevator to catch the beautiful, soft, fluffy, white flour as it cascaded down from the grinders. He remembered how the children loved to stand and watch the little wooden cups fill up with wheat and then come back empty, ready to pick up more and continue on their round. The cups went around so fast that the children couldn't count them.²³⁷

William smiled to himself when he reminisced about the way the children would try to run and hide when he caught them having a grain or flour fight. "I wasn't anywhere near as tough as I tried to make them think I was," he said to himself.

The United States government was again increasing its negotiations with the Saints and the Church concerning the polygamy issue. The issue of statehood was also being discussed in conjunction with

the abolishment of polygamy, and the Idaho Territorial Legislature had recently passed a law that disfranchised all members of the Church. It provided that electors should swear that they were neither polygamists nor members of an organization that taught, advised, or encouraged the practice of polygamy. The Supreme Court of the United States sustained this law in a decision reached February 1890. It was enough to deprive a person of a franchise if he declared that he was a member of the LDS Church.²³⁸

Because of all the pressures that the Church was under, President Wilford Woodruff declared The Manifesto: ". . . And I now publicly declare that my advice to the Latter-day Saints is to refrain from contracting any marriage forbidden by the law of the land." It was signed by the President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Wilford Woodruff.²³⁹ This Manifesto withdrew all Church support from the polygamists. This, along with the harrassment that the polygamists had been constantly receiving since 1887 from the hands of the government, was too much for many of the men who had plural wives. They were forced, from then on, to live with one wife only. The polygamists who still continued to live with all of their wives were many times forced to go "underground." Jack Barton related many times how he had to get on his horse and travel, sometimes in the middle of the night, to Paragonah to warn his Uncle Steve that the United States Marshals were on their way to get the "Plygs." And how he hated to have to do this, but he was always faithful and "did his duty."²⁴⁰

William, too, was getting tired of the persecutions that he had been subjected to constantly for several years. So, in 1890, William and Mary thought it best for her and her family to move to Paragonah. Julia King stayed in Greenville with Mary Ann who had married Charles Miller, and Amanda moved to Price, Utah, with her husband, Herman B. Horsley. Esther and William discussed the situation, and they decided that William should go with Mary to help with the raising of their young children. Sophronia was twenty, Amy thirteen, and Hamp eleven. Esther's youngest child, Hugh, was twenty-three and about to be married. Jack was the only unmarried child, and he was twenty-seven.

In 1896, Julia King married David Miller. Eight years later, he died and left Julia a widow with two girls, Zola and Priscilla. After a few years of providing for her family by herself, she married Joseph (Bish) Griffiths.²⁴¹

The house and property where Mary lived was sold to Hans Davidson. Esther took over the original Barton homestead, which consisted of

seventy acres. She payed William \$1,000 for his share in the homestead, and in 1891, he, too, moved to Paragonah. This money, with the money from Mary's sale, William used to build another home for himself and Mary and their children in Paragonah, where they lived the rest of their lives. With the help of Mary's and his children, William built the house on a lot that Mary had inherited from her mother.

After moving to Paragonah, William rented the Little Creek farm, or part of it, from his brother Stephen and lived for sometime on the place. He rented from Dave Edwards part of the time and lived there four or five years. With his son Hamp, William farmed and hauled hay on shares, mostly for his brother, Stephen, who owned a great deal of property and was quite well-to-do. Amy often said that William and his three brothers very much enjoyed each other's company during their later years. At this time, 1891, William was seventy, Joseph was over sixty, Stephen was six months over fifty-two, and Samuel was fifty. Amy spoke of these four men--so mature, not only in age, but in long, varied, tough, hard experiences--meeting often in Mary's, and now Amy's, house, Grandpa William's last home. They talked over the varied experiences they had come through and even suggested writing an account of their lives. But, as so many do, they neglected doing this, leaving it for younger generations to take care of.²⁴²

When William, Mary, and their family moved to Paragonah, Jack, who had always lived with his mother, dedicated his life to her. He would remain with his mother and care for her as long as she lived. He chose not to marry until much later.

In the fall of 1894, a typhoid epidemic broke out. Alma's two children, Hetty and Wes, were the first ones to get it. Daphne Barton Smith, Daniel's daughter, remembered walking into their house and seeing both of them lying in bed very ill. Hetty was such a pretty girl, plump and good-natured. Daphne walked over to the side of her bed and stood there for a moment; then she bent down and kissed her. She stood there a little while longer, and then her auntie said, "You'd better go to school now Daffy, or you'll be late." Hetty kissed her again, and Daphne walked out of the house. On her way to school she had such a sick feeling and was worried. "Hetty looked awfully sick," she was thinking.

In just one week, on the twenty-fourth of November, Hetty, Alma's only daughter, at age eighteen, died.²⁴³ Nothing like this had ever happened before on the bench, and no one anywhere was happy. The day of the funeral, Daphne went with the others to Uncle Alma's

house. She went into the room where Hetty was. Some of the aunts and Grandma Esther were there. Daphne's auntie said, "Go in the other room, dear, till we put her in this pretty box; then I will come and bring you to see her." After a while, she came and took Daphne to where the casket stood, covered with black velvet and lined with satin and lace. It also had silver trimmings and handles and seemed so high. Her auntie lifted Daphne up, and there Hetty was, not the girl Daphne loved, but a beautiful lady. Her auntie must have wanted her to remember, for she called her attention to Hetty's dress, which was white cashmere, pleated full and tied at the waist with a heavy white cord with tassels that were down half-way to the bottom of her dress. Her pretty slippers also had silver trimmings.²⁴⁴

Daphne attended the funeral and then went with the family to the cemetery. She was just standing there when, all at once she heard the most awful sound, not loud but awful. She looked around and saw that Uncle Alma was leaning over that awful hole in the ground, running his hand through his hair and making a gasping, sobbing sound. Daphne's father, Dan, was standing so close to him. His other brothers, Jack, Hugh, John, and Stephen were there, as were grandpa and grandma and aunt Telly. Daphne couldn't stand it, so she ran away where she couldn't hear. After awhile she came back. They were still standing together there, but were so quiet, and the men were putting the soft brown earth back. They made a neat little mound over where Hetty's body lay.²⁴⁵

The following winter went by with only the usual croup, sore throat, and so on, until one night in February Alma became seriously ill. Daphne heard Wes, Alma's oldest son and their cousin, Eva, John's daughter, talking about it at school the next day. Evidently Alma had gone to his brother John's for help, because he was afraid he was going to die. Wes said, "I sure was scared; I thought he was going to die." Alma suffered untold agony for a week and then died on February 26, 1895. Dr. Christian, the family's good friend, did everything that he could. At that time he called it inflammation of something or other; now we know it as appendicitis. This is what caused Alma's death.

Once more the families in Bartonville, or on the "Bench," as they often called it, were bowed down in grief. And Mariah, Alma's wife, was overcome with sorrow. She kept saying, over and over, "I just don't know what we are going to do without Alma." And how she cried.²⁴⁶

The day of the funeral, Daphne was standing by the casket near Grandma Esther, and, as always, Grandma was so calm and composed. Some friends from Beaver were consoling her. Grandma reached into

the casket and held Uncle Alma's hand and said, "This isn't Alma, Sister Shepherd, this is just the clay. Alma has just gone on." Grandma was so calm and self-possessed in contrast to Grandpa. When he looked the last time at Alma, he cried brokenly, "Goodbye, Alma. Goodbye, my boy." Daphne later recalled, "But what I didn't understand was my father's deep grief at the loss of his companion brother. Afterwards I heard people say, 'Dan's hair turned grey in a night.' Auntie said to my mother, 'They surely loved each other didn't they, Nell? Just like David and Johathan.' Then, I did not know what she meant, but today I read in the Bible, 'The soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David and he loved him as his soul.'"²⁴⁷

Such a large congregation attended the funeral. Friends from many places came to pay their respects. Daphne also remembered that Mr. Robert Stoney brought his excellent choir from Beaver. The singing was wonderful, but one song was especially beautiful and she memorized a little of it:

Beautiful gates that stand ajar
To greet a stranger from afar
A gleam across the portals come
To guide a weary, worn traveler home.

Of the rest of the day, Daphne remembered little. So many people had come from Paragonah. Grandfather William, some of his brothers, and many cousins were there, and they had a family dinner at Daphne's house. "My father had killed some wild geese, so Mother and the other sisters served a goose dinner."²⁴⁸

When Alma died, he left three small boys, Alma, Wesley and Bill. All of Alma's brothers helped a good deal, but Grandma Esther and Jack took most of the responsibility and helped Mariah raise her young children.²⁴⁹ Alma was previously married to Mary Lundblad, and they later divorced. From this union, a girl, Mary Amberzine (Zina) was born and went with her mother after the separation. Mary, the mother, later married a Mr. Ash, and Zina took the name of her stepfather. When Zina grew up, she married Fred Mackrell and gave birth to two sons, Elton and Walter.

Alma was very well known and thought highly of by all who knew him. Because he knew the Indian language well enough to be able to communicate with some of the tribal chiefs, he was many times able to prevent trouble between the Indians and the whites.²⁵⁰ He also acted as a United States marshal in some of the early escapades.²⁵¹

On May 26, 1895, William and Mary's daughter Sophronia died in Paragonah. This was another sad time for William, for he loved Sophronia deeply. And her death was hard on Grandma Mary. She now had only five children living of the ten she had given birth to.²⁵² Your author does not know what caused Sophronia's untimely death, nor anything regarding the funeral or the burial, except that Sophronia was buried in Parowan.

Someone has said, "Time is such a relative thing; a moment of sorrow exceeds an hour of happiness and joy." Along with those that bring joy, the events that bring sorrow and heartbreak are those that seem to implant themselves forever in one's memory. It seemed that sorrow had not yet run its gamut on the Bench where the Barton families lived. On July 12, 1896, William and Esther's beloved daughter--the family songbird--died of complications from childbirth. She had been very ill and in much pain for several days. Then the baby was born dead, just a little while before Estella passed away. Fletcher, Stephen's son, remembers the last time he saw his Aunt Telly. He was looking through the window at her just the day before she died. She was lying in bed, so still and white. Daphne remembered seeing her in her casket, and in her arms lay her beautiful baby. No one could take the place of dear, lovely Telly. Her brothers were so overcome with grief that the well-known Barton Quartet, like the mill, became still. The family didn't get together for anymore parties or sings. Their hearts were too heavy with sorrow. Again Grandma Esther was composed, but she, too, suffered a broken heart. Grandpa William, in his heavy anguish, cried, "Oh, God, let me die before we have to lose another. I can bear this kind of grief no longer." Estella, dying at the age of thirty-four, had left her husband, Morgan Griffiths, and their two little girls, Lennie and Edith. Grandma Esther and her son Jack took these little girls and raised them.

Estella's death was especially hard for Jack and Stephen. They had sung so many songs together with their sister. Daphne said that nearly every fourth of July Jack and Estella sang "The Star Spangled Banner" as a duet in the program held in the Greenville Ward Chapel.²⁵³ It was not until Jack had children of his own that he finally became able to sing again.

Life was never the same in Bartonville after so many of Grandpa William and Grandma Esther's loved ones had left them. But there was always a lot of work to be done--fences to put up, land to plow and get in shape for planting, and cattle and other livestock to keep a constant watch on. So there was little time for

anyone to sit around and grieve. Life had to move on.

A few months after Estella's death, John, William and Esther's son, received the nomination on the democratic ticket to run for county sheriff in the coming November election. And what a lively campaign they had. John won the election, and, of course, all of the children were proud they were democrats.²⁵⁴ John also served for two more terms, bringing his stint as acting sheriff of Beaver County to twelve years.²⁵⁵

Somewhere around the first of January, 1897, John and his family moved to Beaver so that he could be closer to his office. John was sorry to have to leave the Barton Homestead. There would never be another place that would mean so much to him. He was nineteen years old when he moved there with his mother, and he had so many good memories of the "Bench." But now he must make the change, and he took all of his family with him, except John Penn, who, during the following winter and summer, lived with his Grandma Esther and his Uncle Jack.²⁵⁶ Several times, John Penn was heard to say, "I had the pleasure of sleeping in Grandma's feather beds and eating her good southern-style cooking and her good biscuits." He also commented on how good his Uncle Jack was to him, how special he was to all of them, how he had a great love for all of his nieces and nephews and they for him.²⁵⁷

Even though William was now getting along in years, he still enjoyed visiting with his first family on the Bench, when he could hitch a ride with someone; he was now too old to go by himself. Every once in a while, Esther and some of her family went by team and wagon to Paragonah to visit with William.²⁵⁸

One day Esther and her son Jack and one or two other members of the family hitched a team to a wagon and drove to Paragonah to visit William. It was in the late spring, and as one looked eastward he could watch the clouds as they poked their long fingers into the early morning sky while the rays of the still hidden sun turned the clouds into rainbow colors. One could also occasionally see a straggling ewe or hear a bleating lamb that had wandered away from its herd. Off in the distance, the herder could be seen riding back over the trail to pick up the strays. The jackrabbits hopping along stopped at the sound of the rumbling wagon wheels and propped themselves on their haunches, their long ears pricked to the wind. They waited until the wagon drew too near for their safety; then they scuttled to the underbrush. The cottontails, too, flourished in the area between Bartonville and Paragonah, and as Esther and her family slowly wended their way over the dusty wagon road, these rabbits

scurried off to their hutches for safety. Herds of deer browsed at a distance, and the white rear-ends of antelope could be seen bobbing up and down as they trotted along the trail. When they reached William's and greeted him, Jack thought to himself, "Father looks older than when I last saw him." When the families visited, they always took provisions for the night, as it was too far to make the round-trip in one day.

The next morning showed prospects of another lovely day, and William and Esther were sitting in two old chairs on the front porch, visiting amiably. This visit had been an extra enjoyable one. Everyone was congenial, and all seemed to be satisfied. Mary was hospitable, and Amy, as always, made everyone feel special. It was so nice to be able to sit back and relax in the quiet of the morning, with little being said. A red-breasted robin hopped along on the limb of a tree nearby and chirped a song. The stream of water close by sang as it rushed to the pasture. A boy on horseback trotted down the street. Then William turned to Esther and in a voice more subdued now that he had turned eighty-one, and a little tired, said, "Esther, I think I would like to go back home." Esther, as usual, kept herself very well composed, displaying no sign of emotion in the hushed moments that followed. Then in her soft southern voice, she replied, "Will, when you left, you left of your own accord, and when you come back, you can come back of your own accord."²⁵⁹

The morning sun had now risen high enough so that the cottonwoods lined along the front fence no longer shaded William and Esther as they sat on the porch in the peace and quiet of that small southern Utah town. The fragrance of nearby apple blossoms no longer filled the air, and in the eastern sky, clouds were beginning to form. It looked like a storm might be in the making. Then soon it came time for Esther and her family to be on their way back to the Bench. Good-byes were said, and the family, seated comfortably in the wagon, was on its way home.

It was still 1902. Spring turned to summer, and summer wore into fall, and in the early part of October, William sent word to his first family that he was so lonesome to see them all again. "It seems we haven't seen each other for so long. Try to pay me a visit soon," he said.²⁶⁰

In accordance with his wishes, Esther, with a group of her and William's family, made up a party and drove the twenty-nine miles, in wagons, to see William. Again the family could see that he had aged a great deal since they had seen him last. They visited a few days. How good it seemed to relive old times again and renew their

love for one another. On October 11, Esther and the others returned home. Within a few minutes after driving into the yard, a messenger on horseback arrived to bring them word that William had died very shortly after they had left him. "He died very peacefully," the messenger told them.²⁶¹

The next morning, the teams were again hitched to the wagons, and Esther, with a larger group this time--all of William's sons and most of their wives and many grandchildren--rode back over the twenty-nine miles of dusty road to attend to the burial services. Both wives attended the funeral; the seating arrangements were made according to age. Because Esther was older than Mary, and because she was William's first wife, Esther took her place beside William's casket. Esther was also first in line with her son Jack as her escort, and Mary followed on the way to the church and to the cemetery. Because there was no cemetery in Paragonah at that time, the family group and other relatives and friends escorted William's body to the cemetery in Parowan. He was laid to rest in the first town in Utah that he had helped settle and was buried beside the grave of his daughter Sophronia.²⁶²

Grandpa William was a stern man, but very kind. He was particularly good to little children whom he loved in a special way. It grieved him deeply when he had to be separated from any of his family for very long, for he loved them all. The separations seemed to have been made out of necessity, not out of favoritism.²⁶³

William never lost sight of the fact that it was the gospel and his religion that was responsible for his having made his home in the locality of Iron and Beaver counties. He remained steadfast and true to his religious convictions and was as active in his church duties as his employment would permit.²⁶⁴

The Barton Homestead continued to prosper, and Esther's grandchildren continued to increase in number. And, as Esther grew older:

one had only to observe her and listen to her comments to realize that she kept up with the times so far as the meager literature would justify. Strangers were valued for news of the outside world. Grandma practiced the art of conversation and argument. Her opinions were quite definite and not without proof, and she had opinions about many things. Her senses were keen and her absorption and intellect ready and willing. Most of us remember her with her glasses pushed back, a book or newspaper on her lap, an interested expression on her face, while she conversed or listened to interesting conversation, or laughed at a good story.

From her years of experience in the rearing of her large family, mostly boys, she developed a tremendous power of understanding, resourcefulness, love, pity, and toleration. How could she have survived without all these characteristics? Her understanding of pioneer life, with its struggle for sustenance, battles against enemies, constant contact with death and disease--with only meager means to combat disease--childbirth and care with only the scantiest help from professional people. Rain, wind, fire, and water (or lack of it) with all the dangers attendant to their procurement, helped her immeasurably in her varied and colorful life among this rough people and baffling circumstances.

The people were rough, and although they were usually pretty humble, many were crude and unlettered. Because of Esther's rich, cultural background this would be difficult to cope with. Added to this there were many nationalities represented with widely varied habits and customs to learn and, if possible, tolerate. The Indians always presented a problem, and people traveling through were sure to present a complex of problems to be dealt with. Pioneers, and especially Mormon pioneers, had to be really resourceful. Esther learned these lessons well.

Poverty was always, hand-in-hand with hard times, "knocking at the door." My, how Esther had to plan, a whole season ahead, for clothing, food, and shelter for her brood. Grandpa had to leave a great amount of the handling of his first family to Esther, while he devoted more of his time to his younger family. It seems quite evident that this was more an arrangement of necessity than one of choosing between the two because of favoritism. Of course, up to 1857, Esther was the only wife and had all of the attention.

As a result of the great responsibility placed upon Esther, she had to assume a real commanding position with the members of her family. The affairs of the family in connection with business and public affairs had to be supervised, at least until the children reached an age where they could assume enough of the load to carry on, pretty well, alone. All of the children learned early that their mother was the real guiding spirit in their family. If she couldn't be on the job she delegated the

supervision to Alma. Her word was law, personally given, or delegated. All difficult decisions came from "Ma."

Not only to her own children but to the people of Greenville, she was "Ma Barton," highly respected, and called upon to help in solving difficulties. Some of the people, according to John Penn Barton, lovingly nicknamed her "The Sargent of Bartonville."

I (Sherman Barton) remember my mother's relating that, for years after she and pa (Stephen) were married, he spent many hours of time with his "Ma," talking over his personal affairs and public problems. I sensed a little jealousy in the remark. It seemed that all of Grandma's children did the same thing. I'm quite sure that the trip to Salina to buy purebred cattle from Dr. Shock was partly, if not largely, engineered, as was the Jed Snyder Thoroughbred horse buying deal, by Esther, "Ma Barton." In each case the prices agreed upon and the division and distribution of the stock was a family affair, very likely with the mother taking a leading part. Esther was very wise and her decisions, for the most part, were very just. All hands concerned respected her very much.²⁶⁵

Many times the men would be away on the range or out in the field where it was hard to get back until evening, so breakfast was always the main meal of the day. The Bartons always had hot biscuits; usually the saleratus biscuit was made. They had potatoes and milk gravy and salt pork and sometimes pie or cake and fruit. When corn was in season, it was also prepared for breakfast. For a lunch, the men usually took a couple of biscuits in a sack, which lasted them until they returned home at night.²⁶⁶ And how good that hot salt-rising bread smelled when Grandmother took it out of the oven.²⁶⁷ Grandma Esther's older grandchildren have all remarked on how delicious her salt-rising bread was when broken into a big bowl of fresh milk. Your author also remembers the salt-rising bread that her own mother learned to make from Esther's recipe that was passed around from daughter-in-law to daughter-in-law. I used to sit with my father, Jack Barton, at the table late at night after the chores were all done and enjoy with him big bowls of bread and milk while he talked about the universe and its meaning and many other interesting subjects. My father taught me where all the different constellations of stars lay. And he always talked about his religious philosophy and would usually end the evening by relating a story about when

his parents crossed the plains. The recipe for Grandma Esther's salt-rising bread appears here:

Salt-Rising Bread

Precaution: Handle this bread very, very gently. Put two handfuls of old-fashioned bran and a pinch of salt in a bowl. Scald and stir well at night and let it stand until morning.

The first thing in the morning put one handful of bran and a pinch of soda to the bran you scalded the night before and scald it and put it in a warm place to rise. After it rises, put the amount of flour in a pan. Then make a hole in the center of the flour and strain the liquid off the bran and make a thin batter and let it raise again. Then mix it all together and make it into loaves. Now put the loaves into a baking pan and let it rise again and put it very gently into the oven to bake for one hour in a 325° to 350° oven.

Handle it very carefully from start to finish, for it is an all-day job. It is very slow rising.

Esther was a short, rather stocky woman with small hands and feet. Her blue eyes that krinkled easily at the corners displayed her enthusiasm while she philosophized with her son Jack or others with whom she enjoyed conversing. Her eyes were well placed in a square face, below a high, broad forehead. She was a southern democrat whose political beliefs seemed to have rubbed off on some of the later generations.²⁶⁸

"Esther was genuinely religious but did not follow blindly. Aside from the supersititions of her time, many of which she believed and taught, she was a good thinker and somewhat of an individualist." She believed that flies purified the air and that the moon portended the weather. When the cradle of the moon lay perpendicularly, so that the water could run out, it would then soon be raining or snowing. If the cradle lay horizontally, a dry spell was pending. She also believed that one should plant by the light or dark of the moon, depending on what was to be planted.

Esther was an excellent southern cook. In those days, the pot roasts were cooked in a black iron kettle, over the open fire, either hung by the handle on a hook or placed on a bed of coals. She entertained at many dinners and parties in her home. She was also a kind, understanding, well-loved grandmother.²⁶⁹ Jack often said how much

he wished that all of his children could have known their grandmother Barton, for we all would have loved her, too, and she would have loved us.

The last few years of Esther's life were spent in the house that her son John left. She lived with her son Jack and her granddaughter Edith. Lennie had married Emery Davidson in 1901. The house was built a little better than most and had a cedar picket fence around it. These two or three inch pickets were put close together in a trench and lashed together at the top to make a good-looking, tight fence for those days. Openings were made for gates but often no gates were hung there. The old mill was just a land-mark. The flume was gone, and the mill ditch remained as an irrigation ditch, still following in some places, the contours of the land. The Hans Davidson family and then the George Farnsworth family occupied the old home of William and Grandma Mary's that William had, years ago, enlarged, using for this some money that he took in from his brewery business. . . .²⁷⁰

Grandma Esther had a cooking range in the kitchen and a box-shaped wood-burning heater in the front room. The fireplace had been closed up. My, but that little heater would really heat up that room. But before the next sticks of wood were put in, it would get a little chilly. In the course of an evening the cycle would be repeated two or three times. That was the most effective common cold breeder that ever existed, but Grandma and Uncle Jack seemed to like it. Edith most always had a cough. The two beds in the south end of this big room were piled high with heavy quilts over a feather tick. When the fires went out at night, the little house cooled off rapidly. However, it took only one-half of an hour the next morning to get it real hot again, in spite of the fact that the fires had to be rebuilt. Why is it that, in spite of all this bother, I find myself longing to live that way again? At least there were no water-pipes to freeze or utilities to pay.

In March 1906, Esther contracted a bad cold that gradually developed into pneumonia. She used her home remedies and eventually called the doctor, Don McGregor, who was an excellent practitioner. He looked serious after examining her and told the boys that she was critical. Grandma let it be known that she would fool the doctor and get well by her own home remedies. I'll never forget the 28th of March, 1906.

I heard a man yelling above the clatter of running hoofs, and the chucking of a wagon on a muddy road. It was Uncle Hugh, hatless, standing in the wagon, lashing old Brin and Bary with the lines and making them run. He was hurrying to the phone a half-mile away to call the doctor. But it was too late.²⁷¹

Grandma Esther passed from this life quietly in her little log cabin home on the Barton Homestead on March 28, 1906, at the age of seventy-seven. Her sons Jack and Hugh, her granddaughters Edith and Eula, and Hugh's wife Agnes were with her to the last.²⁷² Her family arranged a wonderful funeral for their mother. "Ma" was buried in style. Her sons obtained a fancy black hearse from Beaver, to which they hooked their matched team of black horses, and one of her grandsons, Jesse Barton, dressed in a white suit and white hat, drove her body over the muddy road to the Greenville Meeting House, where a large funeral was held. Many people from Paragonah, Parowan, Beaver, Adamsville, and other outlying areas attended the services.²⁷³ Afterwards, the body of Grandma Esther was transported to its final resting place in the Greenville Cemetery beside the body of her daughter Estella.

This loving, hard-working woman had been her family's strength for years, and they took her death very hard, especially Jack, who had looked out for her for many years. Grandma Esther has become a legend in her own right. The values that this faithful servant taught during her sojourn on this earth are still being carried on by many of her posterity, and thus she lives on in the hearts of those who hold her dear. In his history of Grandma Esther, Sherman Barton has included her patriarchal blessing, which he has titled "A Message From The Past." It is included here, prefaced by Sherman's introduction:

Around 1942, while visiting at my father's home in Greenville, Adelaide, my oldest sister, with her son Clark and his wife, Helen, were searching among the ruins of Uncle Alma's home. They found an old letter, written in beautiful style, and addressed to Sarah Esther West (Barton). The letter was sent to me and I present it here-with.

'A blessing by Elisha H. Groves on the head of Sarah Esther Barton, daughter of Samuel and Margaret West, born in Dixon Xo., Tennessee, Nov. 8, 1829. Given in Paragonah,

Jan. 14, 1854:

'Sister Sarah Esther, in the name of Jesus of Nazareth, by virtue of the Holy Priesthood in me invested, I place my hands upon thy head to seal upon thee a patriarchal or father's blessing. I say unto you, thou shalt be blessed and the blessing of thy Heavenly Father shall rest upon thee. Thou art a daughter of Abraham of the tribe of Joseph, and hath a right to the blessings of the fullness of the priesthood. Thou shalt receive thy endowments, the holy anointings, the power of redemption, that thou mayest assist thy husband in the redemption of thy progenitors. Thou art a Mother in Israel and thou shalt have joy in thy posterity, for thou shalt live to a good old age, for thy posterity, arising after thee shall bless thee and comfort thee. Thy name shall be handed down to thy latest posterity as an honorable Mother in Zion, peace and quietness shall reign in thy habitation, plenty shall crown thy days. Thy bread shall be sure unto thee. Thou shalt behold the return of the Saints to Zion, shall cast in thy mite in the building of the Temple into which thou shalt enter and receive thy blessings there-in, if thou desirest it with all thy heart, keeping all the commandments of the Lord thy God. Thou mayest live to behold the Savior come and the reign of peace established upon the earth, obtain the spirit of prophecy, when the Lord thy God shall pour out his spirit upon all flesh, for thy sins are remitted unto thee. Thy name is written in The Lamb's Book of Life. Thou shalt receive thy crown, becoming a Queen, a Priestess unto the High God, Eternal shall be with and thou shalt receive thy blessings and thine in common with thy husband. Be thou, therefore, faithful and these blessings shall be sure unto thee. I seal them upon thy head in the name of Jesus of Nazareth, even so Amen. (Recorded in Book A. Pages 99 & 100.

Author's Note: I have tried to make an accurate copy of this sacred document. The errors, I hope, are in the original. Good L.D.S. people prize these blessings very highly, as guides to their lives and goals to strive for. They are, quite clearly, blessings, with a promise based on effort and obedience to the gospel.²⁷⁴

After Grandma Esther passed away, her son Jack and her granddaughter Edith were alone. They continued to live in Grandma's little log house until Edith married Percy Williams. At this

time, they moved into the Davidson place, formerly Grandma Mary's house and then owned by Jim Williams. Jack, however, still spent most of his time in his mother's little log cabin.²⁷⁵

During these next several years, Stephen built a new red brick home a few rods south, and across the road east, of where his first house was built. He later moved his first home over on the new homestead. This is where he finished raising his family. Dan took up a new homestead on a piece of ground south of the original Barton homestead and moved his log house over on it. Later, he bought some ground in Greenville and there built a nice rock home. It was in this home that he finished raising his family. Hugh, with his wife, built a log house north of Grandma Esther, on the brink of the hill. It was there that all of his family was born.

In 1918, at the age of fifty-four, Jack married a school teacher, Martha Horman Potts, a widow with three small boys--Floyd, Glenn, and Eddie. They first made their home in Grandma Esther's log house (previously John's). In this little log house, your author, Esther Barton Rollins, and her twin brother Jack were born, almost one year later. After living in this cabin for about two years, Jack bought, from Jim Williams, William and Mary's first home and land in Bartonville. It was in this home that the rest of Jack's family were born.²⁷⁶

After William passed away, Mary was left alone. Amy, who was now married to David Prothero, lived nearby and was always there when her mother needed her. Mary's son Hampton was attending the Murdock Academy, which was located in Beaver Canyon where Fort Cameron had been located. William had left Mary enough land and animals to provide for her needs, but she was not satisfied until she was able to buy herself a carpet loom. With the money she made from looming and sewing carpets, she put Hampton through school at the Murdock Academy and then went to Salt Lake City, where she kept house for him while he attended the University of Utah. After Hampton met and married Cleo Leister, Mary returned to Paragonah where she spent the remainder of her life.²⁷⁷

Daphne, in her history, mentions that Grandma Mary was a very industrious woman. She said she could remember her walking past their place on her way to town, and she seldom saw her without her knitting. The faster she walked the faster she knitted.²⁷⁸ John Penn said that he stayed in Grandma Mary's home many times and that she always treated him very well. "She was a very hospitable woman," he said.

When telephones first came into public use, Euphae Horsely Davis

wrote to her Grandmother Mary and told her to be at the post office in Paragonah at a specified time. When that time arrived, Mary was at the post office where the only phone in the small town of Paragonah was installed, high up on the wall. It was the box type of telephone and had a crank on the side with which the caller could ring the operator. The mouthpiece was a black cone that protruded from the box. The ear piece was black and also cone-shaped, but longer. Mary was a very small woman, so short in fact that she had to stand on a dry-goods box in order to reach the mouthpiece. When she heard her granddaughter's voice coming over the wire, Grandma Mary was so thrilled that she trembled for hours. Up until the time of her death, she enjoyed telling over and over to her young grandchildren her experience in talking over a wire at the age of eighty-two.²⁷⁹

By the time Grandma Mary had reached Salt Lake City in the Martin Handcart Company, every pair of shoes she owned had long ago worn out. All that was available to partially protect her feet from the cold, rough ground were a few old rags that she had wrapped around them. For hundreds of miles, her feet and lower legs had been partially frozen and she found walking very difficult. For awhile, they looked like they might have to be amputated, but after a few months, her limbs were well enough that she could get around and do what she needed and wanted to do, even though she still limped for a long time.

At one time, Mary was in Price visiting with her daughter Amanda and family. Amanda was late one day in getting dinner started, and when she saw her husband coming home, she told her little girl Florence to hurry out to the wood-pile and bring in a pan of chips so she could start a quick fire and get dinner ready. As many children do, Florence poked around and didn't get the chips as fast as she should have, so her Grandma Mary grabbed the chip pan and got the chips for Amanda. When Amanda saw that Florence was playing instead of getting the chips, and that her mother had brought them in, she was very unhappy. She then told her mother to tell Florence the story of how badly her feet were frozen while she was on her trip to the West. Mary removed her shoes and stockings, and Florence said that she would never forget how awful her Grandma's feet looked, even after all those years. The scars were still deep, and thick calluses surrounded them. She had very little heel left. What was there was formed from the thick calluses. The ends of her toes had been frozen off, and all she had left were short stubs. She had no toenails at all. Even up past her ankles were scars with calluses, where new flesh had been formed. Florence never forgot that mute testimony.²⁸⁰

Grandma Mary was a very determined, hard-working woman whose perseverance still displayed itself in her old age; she desired to remain self-sustaining.

After Mary's health began to fail her, Amy and her family moved in with Mary to care for her. Because Amy took the responsibility of her mother for the rest of Mary's life, Amy was given the family home.²⁸¹ Her son Lewis Prothero now owns the old home and lot.

One day just prior to her death, Mary told her bishop a well-kept secret. He would find a box hidden in her room that contained a roll of bills she had saved from looting and selling carpets. When the money was counted, there was more than enough to pay all of her burial expenses. Then on November 23, 1923, Grandma Mary died quietly and peacefully in her home at the age of eighty-four. At her funeral, which was held in the Paragonah Ward Church, her life history was read, and she was paid the kind of tribute that a good, faithful servant such as she deserved. Her body was then taken to Parowan for burial beside William. A few years earlier, she completed all of her temple work, living faithful to the cause for which she came out West.²⁸² On June 10, 1857, Grandma Mary was given a patriarchal blessing. A copy of this blessing in the handwriting of the patriarch appears in the back of this history.

On May 14, 1944, the Barton Homestead, owned by the Bartons for sixty-two years, was sold to Alf Horton, and Jack Barton and his wife Martha moved to Beaver, where Jack spent the rest of his life. Thus another Barton era came to a close.

If the trees could talk, what a magnificent story they could tell of the Barton families. I, your author, cried many times when my folks, because of their advancing age, were forced to sell the farm where I was born and raised--where every tree, every rock, every inch of the old mill-race, every bird's nest in the old sheds and in the trees held a special meaning for me. I especially remember the swooping swallows as they spread their forked tails and cried in fear when I became too curious at the way they fed their young in the little mud huts that were plastered tightly on the weather-beaten rafters of the old mill. And no other place on earth carries the sound of thunder as do those ageless hills to the south of the Barton Homestead.

I remember ever so well the day the old mill fell down, its foundation finally too weak to hold it up any longer. It was on the fourteenth of August, 1933, about three o'clock in the afternoon.

Uncle Steve and his son, Amasa, said they had heard the crash from their place. Amasa said he looked up just in time to see the Barton mill--that for so many years had stood sentinel-like for over four generations of pioneers--end its assignment for those good families. As the old mill fell, separating into numerous dusty boards and pegs, I saw again my playhouse. There in that mill I watched the little wrens build their nests in the springtime, fascinated as their eggs hatched into new life. Many children and I played on the grinding wheel, pretending we were grinding wheat into flour. From the spring, we carried buckets of cold water to the house to help with the cooking. In the early springtime, with big bowls of bread and milk, we ate fresh watercress on freshly baked bread piled high with butter. We gathered the watercress from the water-fed pond just below where the mill once towered. When I looked at the remains of the old mill lying on the edge of the gravel delta where it had stood as a landmark for sixty-five years, part of me crept into it again and is still there on the old Barton Homestead.

Another Look at a Second Generation

All of the Bartons were stern, but they had a deep capacity for compassion and love for each other and their families. They were a very close-knit group and kept in constant touch. They were always ready to help each other in any way in times of need. And they often showed tenderness and affection for those they loved.

Dan, who was a very kind and gentle man, married Ellen Ann Horton on September 1, 1878. He was very high-minded and helped those of his children, who so desired, to obtain a higher education, and several of them later taught school. Dan was a successful farmer and stock raiser. When he came home from the field after a hard day's work, worn out with fatigue, he always wore his broad-brimmed hat pushed to the back of his head. Your author remembers him as being a very affectionate, sweet person. Every time he saw me, he hugged me tight and kissed me and called me his "Little Hetty." I remember he always had such a good smell about him. It was of sweet tobacco, and his long white mustache had yellowed a little from its use. His hair was snowy white and was still very thick and beautiful up to the time of his death on June 20, 1934, at the age of eighty. He was buried in the cemetery in Greenville, Utah. He was the father of ~~ten~~ children: Scott, Daniel West, Roy, Jesse, George, Daphne Smith, Sarah Esther Thomas, Margaret Morris, and Nell Blackett. A baby died in infancy.

John was a slender man, over six-feet tall. While he lived on the "Bench," he was involved in raising purebred Rambouillet sheep. He also raised cattle. In the fall of 1906, he ran on the democratic ticket for Beaver County sheriff and, after an exciting campaign, won the election. Around the first of January, 1907, he, his wife, and their family (except for John Penn) moved to Beaver so that he could be closer to his office and other responsibilities concerning his new assignment. He also served as a deputy sheriff and as the juvenile judge in his district for several years. When John gave up his judgeship, many people were saddened at losing him. John had built up an excellent rapport with the parents and their children who had come to share their problems with him. He never made an enemy in all the years that he held this office. Instead, he made many life-long friends. Your author remembers that Uncle John used a cane and was a little bent over as he walked through the Beaver High School grounds on his way home from his drug store or the bank. He was the father of eight children: Eva Easton, Nina Fields, Chesley, Ezra, Ray Hunter, John Penn, and Kenneth Asa. One of the

children died at birth. John was also very desirous of helping his children help themselves so that they could become successful in their chosen fields. John died on December 16, 1934, and was buried in the Mountain View Cemetery in Beaver, Utah.

Esther Jane was a very aristocratic, fastidious, petite woman, who married William Stokes in 1875. Your author remembers that when Esther Jane was in her 70's and 80's she always wore her beautiful white hair piled high on her head, and her long gathered skirts went all the way down to her high-topped button shoes. She had tiny feet and hands. She was an excellent conversationalist and kept up on all current events. She was a member of the Calvary White Shrine, no. 5, in Beaver and was the first worthy matron of the Naomi Chapter, Order of the Eastern Star in Albion. Esther Jane was the mother of nine children: Kaaty Cook, Mamie (married name is unknown), Hetty Marvel, Layne, Scott, West, Barton, and S. S. Stokes. William died in infancy. When she became unable to care for herself, Esther Jane lived with her daughter Hetty. On the morning of June 17, 1940, Hetty went into her mother's bedroom to see if she wanted to get up and have her breakfast. Hetty found her mother lying in bed, still and white and very peaceful. She had quietly passed away in her sleep during the night at the age of eighty-six. She was buried in Long Beach.

Your author remembers her Aunt Mary Ann as being a very thin woman, about five feet and six inches tall. She always dressed in old-fashioned apparel and pulled her dark hair back from her face from a middle part. Her clothes were always stiffly starched, and one never saw her when she wasn't immaculate. Her son William never married; he remained home with his mother who waited on him until she passed away. When Mary Ann was seventy-eight years old, her nephew Eugene Jorgenson took her to Brianhead, up Parowan, Utah, Canyon, where she climbed to a tall pinnacle and looked down on the valley below. This was the first time she had enjoyed this kind of a trip, and she was elated over the magnificence of the high mountains as they complemented the lovely green valley below. In her home, she displayed many crocheted doilies that she had made. She also displayed many old-fashioned pictures and pieces of furniture and raised potted plants in her window sills. Her geraniums and wide-silled windows were representative of that day and time. Mary Ann married Charles Miller in 1888, and they became the parents of two sons, William and Charles, Jr. Her husband died early in their marriage and left Mary

Ann a widow to raise her boys alone. She spent her last years in Cedar City, Utah, living with her son Bill. She, too, was always busy. She died on the twentieth of June, 1940, and was buried in Greenville, Utah.

Amanda, who married Herman Horsley on July 22, 1885, was a woman about five feet and three inches tall and of average build. She was very industrious and seldom ever sat down to rest. If she did, she always picked up her knitting or worked at piecing a quilt, being very dedicated to all of the projects that she undertook. After moving to Price, Utah, she immediately began taking in boarders and soon built up a reputation as one who took great pride in being an excellent housekeeper and being able to put delicious meals on a beautifully set table. She allowed her boarders much freedom in her home and always had a houseful of people. In her later life, she became quite active in the Relief Society. Your author remembers when her Aunt Amanda visited with her father and how her dark eyes seemed to pierce one as she talked. Her hair was always neatly done in a shingle style, was a beautiful white, and had natural waves that framed her face. Amanda was never one to gad about or snoop into other people's business. During the first World War, her daughter Nora died during the great flu epidemic, leaving two small children—LaNae and June for their grandmother to raise. Amanda kept the girls for several years until their father remarried. Amanda was the mother of ten children: Stephen Bloomfield, Albert Ensign, Herman Seth, Phillip Barton, Rufus King, Florence Virginia Jorgenson, Hannah May King, Euphae Chloe Davis, Rava Marie Baker, and Nora. On the thirteenth of January, 1943, she died and was buried in Price, Utah. She, too, did all she could to help her children become successful.

Steve was a tall slender man of six feet. Because of a broken leg that he received at the age of fifteen, he walked with a limp. Your author remembers him as being very kind to her: "I, along with my other brothers and sisters, carried our drinking water from Uncle Steve's artesian well, and many times, when I stopped for awhile to visit with his granddaughter, Esther Barton (Fletcher's daughter), he made me stay and eat supper with them. And Aunt Said usually served home-made cottage cheese with cow's cream. How we all enjoyed it! Once when I was going home from town on my mare Pet, I gave her the rein and let her run too fast. When we began nearing our home lane, which turned west at a 45° angle, I flew off my mare. She cut the corner so close that I had to raise my leg in order to keep it from being injured on the corner fence post. Uncle Steve was in his yard, watching me as I was tearing down the road, and even before I fell off and landed with

a belly-flop on the hard ground, he was running as fast as his seventy-year-old legs would permit him. He reached me in record time, lifted me up and patted me, and asked if I was alright. 'Are you hurt, Esther?' he kept asking me. When he was certain that I was alright, he helped me back on Pet who had been trained to stop dead still when her rider fell off, and I was back on my merry way down the country lane, heading toward home." Steve was a successful farmer and cattleman and was a perfectionist in all he did. He was also a very high-minded person. He believed emphatically in higher education and saw to it that every one of his children who so desired attended the University of Utah. Some of his children later taught school. Sherman even went so far as to finish his master's degree in biology when he was in his fifties. Steve himself attended the Brigham Young University when it was known as the Brigham Young Academy. Steve married Sarah (Said) Miller on December 24, 1883, and became the father of nine children: David (who died in infancy), Adelaide Banks, Stephen Fletcher, Sarah Blanche Toone, Barbara Ellen, Sherman Stewart, Hilda Jane Mathews, Amasa, and Annie Orilla Williams. Steve died at the age of eighty-four on February 10, 1944, and was buried in the cemetery at Greenville, Utah.

Hugh married Agnes Arther in 1892, and he and his new bride built a log house on the brink of the hill, north of where Grandma Esther lived with her son Jack. Hugh, with his family, lived, ranched, and farmed there until he sold out to his brother Jack. He then moved to Milford, Utah, where he went to work on the Union Pacific Railroad as a boiler maker. A few years later, he was transferred to Caliente, Nevada, and it was there that he finished raising his family. Your author remembers Uncle Hugh as being a great conversationalist, prone to argument as were the other Barton brothers. When her father Jack and Hugh got together, they seemed to enjoy a hot argument, complete with fist banging and shouting. Neither of them gave in. Your author remembers that "Uncle Hugh was sweet and affectionate with me, and he, too, called me 'Hetty.' He had the most beautiful black curly hair that I have ever seen." He, too, believed in higher education and put his daughter Eula through college. Later on, she taught school for many years until she retired. In the early spring of 1946, Hugh became very ill with a gastrointestinal disorder. For awhile he seemed to be improving, but on April 3, 1946, he passed away at the age of seventy-eight. His wife and children brought his body home to Greenville, where funeral services were held. Then he was laid to rest in the cemetery in

Greenville, Utah. He was the father of three children: Irene (who died in infancy, Eula Jacobson, and Sam.

Jack, who had spent many years caring for his mother after his father moved to Paragonah to raise his second family, chose to wait until he was fifty-four years old to marry. On the twenty-fourth of December, 1918, he took Martha Horman Potts to be his wife. She had three small boys--Floyd, Glenn, and Eddie--by a former marriage. His first children were twins--Esther Barton Rollins and Phillip Jackson, Jr. They were born when he was fifty-five years old. When anyone joked with him about waiting until so late in his life to marry and start a family, he replied, "Well, I may be late in starting, but I have at least started out by producing doubles." He became the father of four more children: Martha Horman, Virginia Smith, and Calvin. John died at birth. When his daughters became old enough to attend the dances in Greenville, Jack always walked with them as their escort until they became old enough to date. He taught them how to waltz and do the two-step at home as well as on the dance floor. He also taught his sons how to dance at home. He was always jovial company. Only five feet and six and one-half inches tall, he weighed about one hundred and twenty pounds in his younger years and about one hundred and forty-five pounds when he grew older. What he lacked in physical size, he made up for in many ways. Jack was also a twin, but his twin brother died at birth, and when anyone asked him how come he was so small when his older brothers were so tall, he jokingly replied, "I am only half a man. My other half died." He, like his mother, was well read and kept up on all current events. He was an avid reader of the scriptures. Nearly every Sunday he took his children by the hand and walked a mile to the Greenville Ward Church with them. Here they all sat together on a long wooden bench. Jack joined in the congregational singing, his clear tenor ringing out far above anyone else's voice. Several of Jack's children also pursued higher education, becoming successful in their chosen fields. Jack was an excellent horseman and continued to ride his mare, Spider, everywhere he went and he sang in church until he died of pneumonia on April 11, 1947, at the age of eighty-three. Besides fathering his youngest child at the age of sixty-two, Jack lived to raise all of his children and his three step-sons on the original Barton Homestead. He was buried in the Mountain View Cemetery in Beaver, Utah.

Amy, on March 2, 1906, married David Prothero. They built their home near Amy's mother Mary and were able to help

each other in many ways. Amy was a kind, personable woman. She was one of the favorites in both families, because she had a sweet disposition. She never was heard to say anything derogative about any member of either family or about anyone else. In addition, she was very hospitable and kind to all who visited her in her home. She was a very tiny woman who had the patience of Job. Your author remembers visiting Amy in her home, having gone there with her father. "Aunt Amy was having trouble with her legs, but she was still glad to see us and wanted us to stay and visit and eat with them. It was hard for her to get around, but she never complained." Amy was able to live in her own home until she died on August 7, 1958, at the age of eighty. She was buried in the cemetery in Paragonah, Utah. She was the mother of six children: Raymond, Barton, Rex, Louis, Evelyn Scott, and Mary Massey. A good, kind mother, she encouraged her children to make the most of their potential.

Julia King, in 1898, married David Miller. After eight years of marriage, her husband died of pneumonia, leaving Julia with two small girls, Pricilla and Zola, to raise by herself. She said she sold a cow for \$25 and then went to work at different housekeeping jobs in and around the area. She also cooked at a mine in Frisco, Utah, for awhile. She took both of her girls with her. In 1907, she married Joseph Hyrum (Bish) Griffiths, and they became the parents of three children, Lucy Reese, Clark, and Ora Murdock, bringing the number of their children to five. Julia often made the statement that Bish loved and cared for Pricilla and Zola the same as he did for his own three children. Julia loved to go to parties and dances and was always one of the first girls to be asked out on the dance floor as a partner to enjoy a quadrille. She continued to dance until she was near her eighties. Very active until the time of her death, she took care of her own house and yard and did her own shopping. Your author remembers Aunt Julia as one who was also very industrious. She was one of the fastest walkers in town, never wasting a minute. Every day she made at least one trip to the artesian well at the Greenville school house, now the church, to get flowing, fresh water for cooking and drinking. She had such a cute way about her when she chuckled about something interesting when your author had the pleasure of visiting with her once in awhile. Aunt Julia used to say, "When I die, I won't die in bed." And she didn't. She was up getting dressed, ready to put in another good day's work on the morning of April 4, 1963, when she suddenly died at the age of eighty-eight. She was buried in the cemetery in Greenville, Utah.

Jack and Julia King were the last in William's, Esther's, and Mary's families to pass away. With their passing, another era closed on more of the Bartons, leaving their children with precious memories of a great and good people.

It has often been said by their own children, as well as by many people of Iron and Beaver counties, who knew and associated with this good family, that they would leave this earth much better

people because of the Bartons. The Bartons were a generation who, like their forefathers, were fearless and tried to live worthy of being able to face their maker when the time came. They had passed on to their children and grandchildren a great heritage. They truly loved their progenitors, their country, and their God eternal. We, a younger generation, can think back on them with pride and with love, as well as with gratitude that we are part of them--our eternal legacy.



Notes

1. Ivan J. Barrett, Joseph Smith and the Restoration (Brigham Young University Press), p. 445.
2. Mary West Riggs and Roy A. West, Our Heritage as It Glows from the West, p. 24.
3. Sherman S. Barton, History of William Barton, not numbered.
4. Esther Barton Rollins, Esther Barton Rollins' Memories, not numbered.
5. Ibid.
6. Mary West Riggs and Roy A. West, p. 24.
7. Ibid., p. 75.
8. Ibid, p. 24.
9. Ibid.
10. Sherman S. Barton, History of William Barton, not numbered.
11. Ibid
12. Esther Barton Rollins.
13. Sherman S. Barton, History of William Barton, not numbered.
14. Ibid. An old family story tells of Sally Penn's riding horseback from Georgia up through North Carolina and on to Illinois to hear the Prophet speak and then meeting John Barton in North Carolina in 1817 and during this same trip. But this is likely not true, because the dates do not coincide with those recorded in the history of the Church (see also Esther Barton Rollins' Memories). Sally Penn may have ridden a horse through this country and met her husband, John Barton, in North Carolina in 1817 and then married him there later in that same year. But she could not have heard the Prophet speak at that particular time. When she did go on horseback to hear the Prophet, it must have been later than 1820. (See also Esther Barton Rollins' Memories.)
15. Sherman S. Barton, History of William Barton, not numbered.
16. Ibid.
17. The original letter written by John Barton, William's father, was given to me (Sherman Barton) on 17 Dec. 1960, by Eula Barton Jacobson, the only daughter of William Barton's and Sarah Esther West's youngest son, Hugh J. Barton. Uncle Hugh prized it very much but didn't tell Eula where he got it. . . . Great Grandpa's expressed sympathy for the Mormons and their slain leader indicates his active membership in the Church. (See Sherman S. Barton's history.)
18. Esther Barton Rollins. See also Mary West Riggs and Roy A. West, p. 69.
19. Esther Barton Rollins.
20. Ibid.
21. History of Samuel Walker West (Daughters of the Utah Pioneers Library), not numbered.
22. Sherman S. Barton, History of Sarah Esther West, not numbered.
23. Ibid.
24. Ibid.
25. Mary West Riggs and Roy A. West, p. 24.
26. Ibid.
27. Ivan J. Barrett, p. 239.
28. Esther Barton Rollins.
29. Mary West Riggs and Roy A. West, p. 66.
30. Esther Barton Rollins.
31. Mary West Riggs and Roy A. West, p. 66.
32. Esther Barton Rollins. See also Mary West Riggs and Roy A. West, p. 67.
33. Mary West Riggs and Roy A. West.
34. Ivan J. Barrett, p. 413.
35. Mary West Riggs and Roy A. West, p. 67.
36. Ivan J. Barrett, p. 239.
37. Mary West Riggs and Roy A. West, pp. 68-70.
38. Ibid.
39. Ivan J. Barrett, p. 239.
40. Mary West Riggs and Roy A. West, p. 69.
41. Ibid., pp. 65-73.
42. Sherman S. Barton, History of Sarah Esther West Barton, not numbered.
43. Mary West Riggs and Roy A. West, p. 70.
44. History of Samuel Walker West.
45. Mary West Riggs and Roy A. West, p. 70.
46. Esther Barton Rollins.
47. Ivan J. Barrett, p. 321.
48. Mary West Riggs and Roy A. West, p. 70.
49. Ibid., p. 71.
50. Sherman S. Barton, History of Sarah Esther West, not numbered.
51. Mary West Riggs and Roy A. West, p. 71.
52. Ibid., p. 72.
53. Ibid., pp. 72-73.
54. Ibid., p. 74.

55. Mary West Riggs and Roy A. West, p. 74.
56. Ibid.
57. Sherman S. Barton, History of Sarah Esther West Barton, not numbered.
58. Sherman S. Barton, History of William Barton, not numbered.
59. Ivan J. Barrett, p. 438.
60. Ibid., pp. 456-459.
61. Ibid., pp. 494-5.
62. Ibid., p. 508
63. Ibid., p. 515
64. Ibid.
65. Ibid., pp. 515-516.
66. Esther Barton Rollins.
67. Ivan J. Barrett, pp. 430-431.
68. Sherman S. Barton, History of Sarah Esther West Barton, not numbered. There has been some controversy over the marriage date of William and Esther. One record in the West Book, Our Heritage as It Glows from the West, claims their marriage took place in 1847. Because the Samuel Walker West family left Nauvoo with the main exodus of the Church in 1846, however, we know that if Esther had not been married at that time, her folks would have taken her with them. Also, Philip Jackson Barton and his brother Stephen Rollins Barton said their mother was 15 years old when she married, which would have been in 1845. More proof that their marriage was finalized in 1845 is a letter that your author has in her possession. It is written by John Barton, William's father, to William and S. E. Barton and is dated January 28, 1846, while William and Esther were in Nauvoo. We do not know why our grandparents were in Nauvoo at this time, unless it was to visit with Esther's parents who were then in earnest preparation to leave for the mountains in the valleys of the West (see Esther Barton Rollins). The letter appears on page v of this history.
69. Sherman S. Barton, History of Sarah Esther West Barton, not numbered.
70. Ibid.
71. History of Samuel Walker West.
72. Sherman S. Barton, History of Sarah Esther West Barton, not numbered.
73. Mary West Riggs and Roy A. West, p. 25.
74. Ibid.
75. Sherman S. Barton, History of Sarah Esther West Barton, not numbered, Stephen's and Jack's account of our grandparents' trip to the West.
76. Mary West Riggs and Roy A. West.
77. Esther Barton Rollins.
78. Ibid.
79. Ibid.
80. Joseph Fielding Smith, Essentials in Church History, p. 361.
81. Mary West Riggs and Roy A. West, p. 78.
82. Esther Barton Rollins.
83. Kjelgaard, The Coming of the Mormons, p. 53.
84. Mary West Riggs and Roy A. West, p. 78.
85. Esther Barton Rollins
86. Mary West Riggs and Roy A. West, p. 84.
87. Ibid., p. 83.
88. Ivan J. Barrett, p. 524.
89. Ibid.
90. Mary West Riggs and Roy A. West, pp. 76-77.
91. Ibid., pp. 80-81.
92. Esther Barton Rollins. See also Mary West Riggs and Roy A. West, pp. 80-81.
93. Sherman S. Barton, History of William Barton, not numbered.
94. Esther Barton Rollins.
95. Ibid.
96. Ibid.
97. Ibid.
98. Ibid.
99. Sherman S. Barton, History of William Barton, not numbered.
100. Ibid.
101. Ibid.
102. History of Iron County Mission, Parowan, Utah, p. 35.
103. Ibid., pp. 33-35.
104. Esther Barton Rollins.
105. History of Iron County Mission, Parowan, Utah, p. 35.
106. Sherman S. Barton, History of Sarah Esther West Barton, not numbered.
107. Esther Barton Rollins.
108. Typed portion of letter written By William, in Parowan, to his family in Illinois. The other page is torn off. The letter has been typed just as William wrote it during the last part and a bit throughout the first part.
109. History of Iron County Mission, Parowan, Utah, p. 77.
110. Sherman S. Barton, History of William Barton, not numbered.
111. Nora Lund, History of Sally Penn Barton, not numbered.

112. Nora Lund, History of Sally Penn Barton.
113. Ibid.
114. Ibid.
115. Esther Barton Rollins.
116. History of Iron County Mission.
117. Nora Lund, History of Sally Penn Barton.
118. Ibid.
119. History of Iron County Mission, p. 171.
120. Ibid., p. 13.
121. Ibid., p. 81
122. Sherman S. Barton, History of William Barton, not numbered.
123. Esther Barton Rollins.
124. History of Iron County Mission, p. 90.
125. Esther Barton Rollins.
126. Nora Lund, History of Sally Penn Barton.
127. History of Iron County Mission, pp. 170-175.
128. Sherman S. Barton, History of Sarah Esther West Barton, not numbered.
129. Esther Barton Rollins.
130. Priscilla McQueen, History of Mary Williamson, not numbered.
131. Ibid.
132. Hafen, Handcarts to Zion, vol. 1.
133. Priscilla McQueen.
134. Ibid.
135. Ibid.
136. Ibid.
137. Hafen.
138. Joseph Fielding Smith.
139. Hafen.
140. Ibid.
141. Ibid.
142. Priscilla McQueen.
143. Sherman S. Barton, History of William Barton, not numbered.
144. Esther Barton Rollins.
145. Ibid.
146. Sherman S. Barton, History of William Barton, not numbered.
147. Esther Barton Rollins.
148. Sherman S. Barton, History of Sarah Esther West Barton, not numbered.
149. Esther Barton Rollins.
150. Ibid.
151. Priscilla McQueen.
152. Esther Barton Rollins.
153. Juanita Brooks, The Mountain Meadows Massacre, pp. 18-22.
154. Ibid.
155. Joseph Fielding Smith, pp. 418-22.
156. Ivan J. Barrett, pp. 328-30.
157. Ibid.
158. Sherman S. Barton, History of William Barton, not numbered.
159. Ibid.
160. Esther Barton Rollins.
161. Sherman S. Barton, History of William Barton, not numbered.
162. Juanita Brooks, pp. 198-210.
163. Esther Barton Rollins.
164. Juanita Brooks, p. 210.
165. Sherman S. Barton, History of Sarah Esther West Barton, not numbered.
166. They Answered The Call: A History of Minersville, Utah, pp. 18-20.
167. Sherman S. Barton, History of William Barton, not numbered.
168. Ibid.
169. Ibid.
170. They Answered The Call, pp. 18-19.
171. Ibid.
172. Sherman S. Barton, History of Sarah Esther West Barton, not numbered.
173. They Answered The Call, pp. 19-20.
174. Ibid.
175. Sherman S. Barton, History of Sarah Esther West Barton, not numbered.
176. Sherman S. Barton, History of William Barton, not numbered.
177. Ibid.
178. Nora Lund, History of William Barton.
179. Nora Lund, History of Mary Williamson, not numbered.
180. Monuments to Courage: A History of Beaver County, p. 25.
181. Esther Barton Rollins.
182. Sherman S. Barton, History of Sarah Esther West Barton, not numbered.
183. Sherman S. Barton, History of William Barton, not numbered.
184. Nora Lund, History of Mary Williamson.
185. Sherman S. Barton, History of Sarah Esther West Barton, not numbered.
186. Sherman S. Barton, History of William Barton, not numbered.
187. Ibid.
188. Ibid.

189. Sherman S. Barton, History of William Barton, not numbered.
190. Esther Barton Rollins.
191. Nora Lund, History of William Barton.
192. Ibid.
193. Sherman S. Barton, History of Sarah Esther West Barton, not numbered.
194. Esther Barton Rollins.
195. Sherman S. Barton, History of William Barton, not numbered.
196. Esther Barton Rollins.
197. Ibid.
198. Sherman S. Barton, History of Sarah Esther West Barton, not numbered.
199. Sherman S. Barton, History of William Barton, not numbered.
200. Julia King Griffiths, Sketch of the Life of William Barton, not numbered.
201. Ibid.
202. Esther Barton Rollins.
203. Julia King Griffiths.
204. Esther Barton Rollins.
205. Ibid.
206. Sherman S. Barton, History of Sarah Esther West Barton, not numbered.
207. Sherman S. Barton, History of William Barton, not numbered. Sherman Barton states that the doctrines of the LDS Church teach the exact procedure that William followed. This, along with the Mountain Meadow Massacre incident with Tarlton Lewis, proves that this man was trying his best to be a good citizen as well as a good member of his church.
208. Esther Barton Rollins.
209. Ibid.
210. Ibid.
211. Ibid.
212. Nora Lund, History of Sally Penn Barton, not numbered.
213. Sherman S. Barton, History of Sarah Esther West Barton, not numbered.
214. Julia King Barton Griffiths and Pricilla McQueen, The Life of Julia King Barton Griffiths as Told by Julia to Pricilla McQueen, not numbered. (See also Esther Barton Rollins.)
215. Esther Barton Rollins.
216. Julia King Barton Griffiths and Pricilla McQueen.
217. Daphne Barton Smith, Daphne Barton Smith's History, not numbered.
218. Esther Barton Rollins.
219. Julia King Barton Griffiths and Pricilla McQueen. (See also Esther Barton Rollins.)
220. Julia King Barton Griffiths and Pricilla McQueen.
221. Esther Barton Rollins.
222. Julia King Barton Griffiths and Pricilla McQueen.
223. Esther Barton Rollins.
224. Julia King Barton Griffiths and Pricilla McQueen.
225. Ibid. (See also Esther Barton Rollins.)
226. Esther Barton Rollins.
227. Ibid.
228. Daphne Barton Smith.
229. Esther Barton Rollins.
230. Sherman S. Barton, History of William Barton.
231. Esther Barton Rollins.
232. John Penn Barton, John Penn Barton's Autobiography, not numbered.
233. Esther Barton Rollins.
234. Nora Lund, History of Mary Williamson.
235. Esther Barton Rollins.
236. Sherman S. Barton, History of William Barton.
237. Julia King Barton Griffiths and Pricilla McQueen.
238. Joseph Fielding Smith, p. 493.
239. Ibid., p. 496.
240. Esther Barton Rollins.
241. Julia King Barton Griffiths and Pricilla McQueen.
242. Sherman S. Barton, History of William Barton, not numbered.
243. Esther Barton Rollins.
244. Daphne Barton Smith.
245. Ibid.
246. Ibid.
247. Ibid.
248. Ibid.
249. Esther Barton Rollins.
250. Monuments to Courage.
251. Sherman S. Barton, History of William Barton.
252. Esther Barton Rollins.
253. Daphne Barton Smith.
254. Ibid.
255. John Penn Barton.
256. Ibid.
257. Ibid.
258. Esther Barton Rollins.

259. Esther Barton Rollins.
260. Sherman S. Barton, History of William Barton, not numbered.
261. Esther Barton Rollins.
262. Sherman S. Barton, History of William Barton, not numbered.
263. Ibid.
264. Nora Lund, History of William Barton, not numbered.
265. Sherman S. Barton, History of Sarah Esther West Barton, not numbered.
266. Esther Barton Rollins.
267. Sherman S. Barton, History of Sarah Esther West Barton, not numbered.
268. Esther Barton Rollins.
269. Sherman S. Barton, History of Sarah Esther West Barton, not numbered.
270. Julia King Barton Griffiths and Pricilla McQueen.
271. Sherman S. Barton, History of Sarah Esther West Barton, not numbered.
272. Esther Barton Rollins.
273. Sherman S. Barton, History of Sarah Esther West Barton, not numbered.
274. Ibid.
275. Esther Barton Rollins.
276. Ibid.
277. Priscilla McQueen, History of Mary Williamson.
278. Daphne Barton Smith.
279. Esther Barton Rollins.
280. Ibid.
281. Priscilla McQueen, History of Mary Williamson.
282. Ibid.

Bibliography (alphabetized by first author's last name)

1. Ivan J. Barrett, Joseph Smith and the Restoration (Brigham Young University Press).
2. John Penn Barton, John Penn Barton's Autobiography, not numbered.
3. Sherman S. Barton, History of William Barton, not numbered.
4. Sherman S. Barton, History of Sarah Esther West Barton, not numbered.
5. Juanita Brooks, The Mountain Meadows Massacre.
6. Julia King Griffiths, Sketch of the Life of William Barton, not numbered.
7. Hafen, Handcarts to Zion, vol. 1.
8. History of Iron County Mission, Parowan, Utah.
9. History of Samuel Walker West (Daughters of the Utah Pioneers Library), not numbered.
10. Kjelgaard, The Coming of the Mormons.
11. Nora Lund, History of Mary Williamson, not numbered.
12. Nora Lund, History of Sally Penn Barton, not numbered.
13. Nora Lund, History of William Barton, not numbered.
14. Pricilla McQueen and Julia King Barton Griffiths, The Life of Julia King Barton Griffiths as Told by Julia to Pricilla McQueen, not numbered.
15. Priscilla McQueen, History of Mary Williamson, not numbered.
16. Monuments to Courage: A History of Beaver County.
17. Mary West Riggs and Roy A. West, Our Heritage as It Glows from the West (Utah Printing Co.).
18. Esther Barton Rollins, Esther Barton Rollins' Memories, not numbered.
19. Daphne Barton Smith, Daphne Barton Smith's History, not numbered.
20. Joseph Smith, History of the Church, vol. 1.
21. Joseph Fielding Smith, Essentials in Church History.
22. They Answered The Call: A History of Minersville, Utah.

Letter of Jesse Barton Nichols written to his mother-in-law, typed from hand-written original, with exact punctuation, spelling, and grammar retained.

Trenton Ills
December 11th 1850

Dear Mother I take up my pen to write you a few lines to let you know that we are well and in the land of the living. My reasons for addressing you as Mother is that your dear daughter Matilda is now my dear and beloved wife You being so far from us we couldnot ask your permission but we hope you will not be mad with us for what we have done. I feel so well pleased with my wife that I think you will not be displeased with me. I believe I have the best one of my cousins for my companion for life. My reasons for marrying her is that I loved her and did not wish to live sepperated from her. We each of us felt the need of a near friend and we undertook to be friends to each other without being life companions but we found that a rather uncertain way. People will be meddling in others business. We was married on the 22 day of November 1860. We have a verry good home we have a large and well finished house and I feel that our family would be complete if you would come back and live with us if we had a mother living with us we would be well satisfide I think you and Samuel had better come back and live with us do think about it and make up your mind and come with Stephen when he comes we are keeping boarders at this time.

We intend to go on a farm in the spring if we can unless times gits better. Charley is large enough now to plow and work on a farm and town is a bad place for boys or girls either. The wheat crop was almost an intire failure here this season but corn and oats was very good wheate is \$1.10 per bushel oats 20cts corn 23 cts fruit is very plentiful the price of board is \$2.50 per weeke pork is 4 to 6 dollars per hundred it is high hogs being scarce. The friends are well as far as I know of at present. Matilda is more fleshy now than you ever seen her she ways over 150 lbs and has bin so for the last two years. She looks younger than she did ten years ago and she is the prettiest woman in town. Charley and sis fat and healthy and going to school we have a large shool here There is over one hundred schollars in the school .We would like to see you all verry much tell William and family that I have not forgotten them yet and Stephen and family also and Samuel dito, tell the boys they must all write

to us often----- Dear Mother I have a few more words for you it is this. I lived with my mother and tried to take care of her while she lived . and now I think we would enjoy ourselves much better if my dear wifes mother would come and live with us. No more at present we remain your loving children until death.

Mother Barton
and Children
Jesse Nichols
Matilda J. Nichols

Letter of Matilda J. Nichols to her mother; typed from hand-written original, with exact punctuation, spelling, and grammar retained.

Dear Mother I will write a fiew lines to you I received a letter from Stephen a fiew days before Jesse received one I was glad to heer from you all one more and that you were all well. When we received the first letter I was baking my wedding cake dear Brother Stephen I am so glad that you are coming to see us next spring I hope you will get heer safe. I wish you could bring your family with you I want you to bring mother O if I could onley have her with me how glad I would be .and Samuel why cant you come two I think you mite if you would and I hope you will

dear Mother I have got a good home a good husband and that is something I have not had for some time past and I have got plenty of everything that I can wish for in the line of living. and I hope I can do a better part for my children than I have done I can keep them together and at home and I have a companion to help me take care of them. Thay both love him as a father

I have not seen Julias children none but John since bill was married he says thay shall never enter my door again John come to see me when he pleases I believe thay are all well. You said something in the letter a bout me sending you some things I will send them the first chance I get but I hope you will come with Stephen Write to me often. My love to you all I remain your loving daughter and sister

Matilda J. Nichols.

Letter from Matilda J. Dominy to her family in Utah, typed
from hand-written original, with exact punctuation, spelling,
and grammar retained.

Lebanon Ills
December the 21 th 1855

Dear Mother; Brothers and Sisters:

I received your letter some time ago, I was very glad to hear from you once more. I wrote an answer to your letter the next day after I received it but did not get to send it to the office until it was out of date and I would not send it at all. So I will write another one.

We are all well at present, excepting bad colds. I have had a very hard time this winter with my jaw and face and the toothache. My jaw got ripe and broke. You may depend I suffered a little while it was ripeing. Charley has had the chills most of the fall and have them yet sometimes but they don't hurt him much. Sis is as fat as a little pig.

I have some sad news to tell you, my dear old aunt Sally Barton is dead. She died last August with the flu. She suffered a great deal before she died. I was by her bedside when she departed this life. She told us she was going to heaven and that we should all meet her in that promised land. The family all took her death very hard, especially Uncle Hugh, poor old man, it looked like he could hardly bear up under his afflictions. Rebecca ? Bonoms'? baby was buried the day her mother died, it was three weeks old. John Higgins is dead. Mary Reed is dead. Addeline Beasley ? is dead. Lucy Barton is married to John Arnal--Sarah Low's brother ? Arminda Martindale is married to Jo Penn.

Brother Joseph, I think you spoke in a rather rough manner to me in your last letter about the Methodists and about our country. I can tel you this, I don't depend upon the Methodist Church or Babtist Church or any other Church saving my sole. I want to try to do what is right in the sight of God and that is my intention to try to please God and not the world or Churches. I believe now as I always have believed, ever since I believed anything, I believe in God and intend to try to serve Him with all my heart. I hope I may always do as near right as I can and never do anything I am ashamed of in the sight of my Creator.

The Methodist's have rules that I don't believe in but that is

nothing to me. I will have my way and they may have theirs. I know there is as mean Methodist as there are in the world and I can see there meanness as plain as I can see anybody else but that is no reason I shall say they are all devils. I believe there are good and bad in all Churches. There is some of the Mormon doctrine that I don't believe in and some I do believe in. I believe there is as good people in the Morman Church as there is in the world. My dear father was a morman and I believe he was a christian and my mother is a morman and I believe she has always tried to do what is right and my brothers are all mormans therefore, there is some of them that is near and dear to my heart and I hope we will never fall out about our beliefs. I am perfectly willing that you shall believe as you please as for wars and blood shed and riots and murders, I have heard nothing of it.. The people all appear to be in peace and quietness.

So we will drop this subject and talk about something else. There has been the best crops raised here this season than ever was known before. Both wheat and corn and oats and every thing else in that line.

Mother, I am glad to hear that you have such good health and are so well satisfied. I expect that is a very good country, all I have against this country is it is sickly. I don't believe that any other country would seem like home to me but it would seem more like home if you was all here with me. O mother, you have no idea how I wanted to see you. I feel like I would give all the world if I had it if I could only see you once more in this world.

I sit some nights all alone and study about you till my heart is almost ready to burst to think it is almost impossible for me to ever see your face again. You understood me wrong about coming to see you I meant if I could come to see you without crossing the plains I might try to come to see you. I can go all the way to California or Oregon by water. I hope and pray to my God that the time will come when we will all be together again in this world. I want you all to come back to this country.

Mother don't forget me. Write often, your loving daughter.

Matilda J. Dominy

Letters from William and Julia Barton Gidney to her brother Jo, typed from hand-written original, with exact punctuation, spelling, and grammar retained.

COUNCILL BLUFF CITY JULY17.1853

Dear Brother Joseph it is with pleasure i rite theas few lines, to let you know how we are and wheare we are; i ham happy to tell you we are all a live and well, i received your letter the middle of June and was very glad to hear from you all, it gave us great Comfort to hear that you got through safe; and that you liked the Country and i hope you will still continue to like it, and i hope Mother will feel satisfied with her new home and spend the remainder of her days in peace and plenty, I was very glad to hear that Brother William likes the Country so well, and that he had provided grain enough for you all till you could raise som, but tell William i whant him to rite an tell me how he is getting a long; for my part , i have Don better since you left than before, i will tell you how i ham getting a long; i have got a good horse team and 17 head of cattell and 2 pet colts for the boys, john and Jim, i have sold my old place and now own the place that Mr Cole did own; you wished me to tell you if i got the things that you left me, i got about half the things the balance was taken by Mr Read and Brother Mack Kinsey, Mr. Read has left so i never got the oportunity to Deliver the message you sent him, the chain that you lost was found the other day by Mr. Allen in some Manure wheare an old stabell had stood on the place whear Mr. Mofs lived when you has here, how the chain came thair is a mistery to my he has got the chain in his possession now; you wished me to tell you if i was comming; i Dont think i shall Ever come to that Country, but i cannot tell what may take place i what to hear more a bout the Country before i come; this Country is rapidly improving Kanessville has Changed its name to Council Bluff City it has Got a City Charter from the Legeslator and is improving very fast large store houses have been built since you left, it looks like another place; thay are building a new steem mill on the bottom in the Edge of the Cotton woods between your old place and the river a saw and Grist mill; property in this Country is worth Double what it was when you left town property is more than that Balifs has sold severale lots for three Hundred Dollars a lot, he is making brick this season Exstensively, the land in this Country is now subject to Entry, Every thing has been very high

this season Corn sold for \$1.75 per bushel hay \$20.00 per ton, the Emegration was very large this season, My family is larger than it was when you left, I was glad to hear that William had a mother son; that must be a better Country than this for that is mor than i can Do to save my life Julia has had good health ever since we have been here but this is not a good climate to live in, I dont like this Country, i must conclude give my respects to all Friends (William's writing)

(Julia Gidney's Writing):

you wished to no something about Matilda, she staid in St. Louis 6 weeks and and her children was sick all the time she was there so she went out to lebanon and rented a house thare and Mary Ann moved out there and staid with her untill october when she got dissatisfied and went back to St. louis and Matilda broke up house keeping and went out to uncle louisies where she lived up to the time i got the last letter frome hir then Sue expected to go to house keeping within a few days She was goying in the house John Barton ust to live in clost to uncle hughs She has let Iseck Nickles take John to rase She says she is well satisfied that she went back She says uncle louis and uncle hugh is grate friends to hir i belive that thare has not been too many of our connection died since you left here and that ant Matilda Williams and James penn will tell you about the mareges Jane Penn is married to John Sutton Daved Mc daniel is married to some e wido woman i dont remember her the name now thomas Moore is married to Mary nickls Smith Moore is married to frances Moore.

I beleve i have nothing more to tell you now you must write to us as soon as you can i don't expect we will ever see eney of you eney more and you must write as often as you can the time dont seeme very ong sence we could say we will go doon to mothers next Sunday and see how thar are getting along but i dont expect we can ever have that to say eney more So must close give my love to William and ester.

William and Julia Gidney

Orangeonah

June 18, 1839

At Patience's blessing by Isaac Morley on
the head of Mary Williamson daughter of
James & Anne Williamson born March 13, 1839 in
Lancashire-Engl. Sister Mary we lay
our hands upon thy head & we seal thy Father's
blessing in the name of Jesus Let thy
heart be comforted for thy Father's seal
will be an everlasting blessing for it
will become a key of knowledge in thy
mind a lamp in thy path whereby all
the blessings of Abiahon Isaac & Jacob
will be extended upon thee & thy posterity
for thee we bless thee as one of the
daughters of Zion Thou hast received thy
birth in the dispensation of the fathers
of times Thou wilt have a work to do
in redeeming thy progenitors from
the fall O thou precious seal upon
thee thy righteousness & amenity
that the blessing of the everlasting
gospel may become a lamp in
thy path Let thy heart be given to
joy & thou shalt find the
light of truth increasing in thy
mind thy faith will be increased
under the influences of the Comforter
The Lord will bless thee as a mother
in Israel in thy union for life
thy habitation shall be a dwelling of
peace thou shalt enjoy the society of
the upright in heart Thou art
redeemed from all blood by thy blood
& by thy kinship The blessing of
the Father will crown thy table
Eternal lives will be a reward
in thy crown we seal the seal in the
name of the Father even so Amen

Mary Williamson Obedient

Isaac Morley

1 South Hills

